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PART THE THIRD.

IN resuming these papers on St. Jerome and the story of his laborious life as pictured to us in his extant correspondence, we would gladly follow him without further delay through those toils and struggles which were crowned at length by the appearance of the Vulgate version of the Divine Scriptures. As we have seen above, it was St. Damasus who, by his encouragement and friendly importunities, gave the impulse which started St. Jerome on the glorious career wherein he rivalled, if he did not eclipse, the fame of Origen. But leaving to a future occasion to deal with a work which, more than anything else, establishes the claim of our Saint to the undying gratitude of posterity, our present concern is with the impulse and direction, which for forty years, first at Rome, and then at Bethlehem, he gave to the monastic aspirations that witnessed to the Christian revival of those traditions of austerity, self-denial, sobriety, and disinterestedness which had shed such lustre on the founders of the Roman Empire, and may be looked on as the reaction on supernatural motives, in the minds of the heirs of patrician glories, against the degradation wherewith four centuries of iron despotism had tainted the very well-springs of social life.

The writings of St. Jerome corresponding with this period, fall naturally into two classes, the first comprising polemical treatises against the impugners of the life of asceticism and self-sacrifice of which he was so ardent a promoter; the second, the letters conveying his warnings, encouragement, and direction to the high-born ladies, whom he had learned to admire far more, perhaps, than they admired him, whose sole passion was the study of the Divine Scriptures, and who pressed on with rapid strides in the path of the most courageous austerity. They had learnt from their teacher the lesson of that sublime charity which, drawing its inspirations from the ignominy of Golgotha, acknowledges in the poor and the outcast the universal brother-

hood of man in the Christ, the second father of our race, and bestows not only bread, or store of gold and silver, but devotes its own person to the solace and service of our Lord in the person of the most helpless of those He disdains not to call His brethren.

It would be a grievous error to imagine that the Christian heroism, of which the community on the Aventine was the focus and centre, met on all hands with that sympathetic veneration from its contemporaries, which Christian society has since awarded to it. Monastic institutions, with the generous self-sacrifice they implied, must needs have stirred up the more or less open opposition of the numerous and vivacious pagan elements still subsisting in Roman society, as well as the repugnance of that large class of Christians, who will ever be found to resent, as a reflection on their own mediocrity and narrow-mindedness, the practical evidences of a life swayed by pure and lofty purposes. That this opposition was not confined to private circles, or to "the beasts male and female of senatorial rank," as an ancient historian puts it, but found an echo in the opinions and feelings of the masses, may be seen from what St. Jerome relates of an incident which marked the funeral of Blæsilla.¹

I am grieved to tell you what I am about to relate. When you had to be borne from the funeral procession swooning with grief, the crowd gave vent to these murmurs: "Did not we always say so? This poor lady mourns her daughter who has been done to death by fastings, who has left her no grand-children, because, she was prevented from marrying again. Why is not this accursed brood of monks driven from the city? stoned to death? thrown into the Tiber? It is they who have hoodwinked this poor lady, who shows how little she cared to become a nun, since she mourns as no Gentile mother ever lamented the loss of her children."

These popular antipathies did not fail to find among the free lances of the pen, writers, who scarcely toning down their crudity, could give them shape and point. Not to mention the invectives of rhetoricians and poets, of which latter class, the satirist Rutilius Numantianus² may suffice as a specimen; two men are especially prominent by the form and virulence

¹ *Epist. xxii. ad Paulam super obitu Blæsilla.*

² A native of Poitiers, who returning to his native town in 416, after a long residence in Rome, describes in a poem his feelings at seeing the rocks and islets of the Mediterranean peopled by solitaires of patrician race.

of their attacks on the monastic life. Of these Helvidius was a layman; Jovinian, who wrote some five years later (c. 388), had left his monastery at Milan, to swell the numbers of the "gyrovagi," or monks unattached, who were in those days the pest and scandal of the Church of Rome. To begin with Helvidius, his qualifications for his self-imposed task were all of the superlative degree. He was very illiterate,³ very coarse and abusive, very closely wedded to his own prejudices, very apt to confound assertion with proof, the misstatement of an adverse doctrine or institution, with a final and crushing confutation thereof. In a word, he was the complete prototype of those blatant champions of Protestantism, who give us a taste of their quality in seasons of popular delusion. Like them, his knowledge of Scripture just enabled him to pick out, here and there in the Divine Record, a passage to serve as a peg whereon to hang his foul blasphemies against principles and personages endeared and hallowed to the faith and piety of Christian generations. We cannot deny him the credit, such as it is, of having sufficiently profited by his training in the Arian school of Auxentius, the intruded Bishop of Milan, to discover, with unerring instinct, that the vital point of the controversy lay in the superiority asserted by Catholic consciousness for the virginal over the married state, in that it shines with the heavenly radiance ever streaming from that highest manifestation of womanly purity, tenderness, and self-sacrifice, the Maiden Mother of our God. The native rusticity and coarseness of the man emboldened him to lay the axe at the very root of the tree, by denying the perpetual virginity of our Blessed Lady. This premise fully established, the practical conclusion was at once obvious, monks and nuns were to be improved off the face of creation.

For the first and only time in his long career of conflict with error and incompetency, Jerome felt reluctant to take up the challenge thus hurled at him. He shrank, not from his unsavoury adversary, but from the difficulty of taking notice of him without thereby raising him to an importance far beyond the merits of his insolence of tone, poverty of ideas, and slovenliness of diction. The Catholic apologist or publicist whose lot is cast in certain countries in these days, will easily realize this state of mind. But the scandal of weaker brethren, the ill-concealed chuckling of the Pagans and of the Arian

³ "Homo turbulentus . . . rusticanus, vix imbutus literis" (*Adv. Helvid.*).

sectaries, who beheld in every attack on the dignity of the Mother of Christ a proportionate weakening of His claims to perfect equality with God, determined Jerome to undertake the distasteful task, and "to teach one, who had never learnt to speak, the art and wisdom of silence."⁴

Of Jovinian it might be truly said that his forte lay in startling contrast. Having taken Orders on leaving his monastery, he made his first appearance in Rome, in the guise of a Diogenes, and might have been seen running here and there, clothed in a filthy ragged apology for a tunic, barefooted, even in winter, and presenting in his outer man unequivocal marks of having eschewed not only the vanities, but the barest necessities, of the toilet. In the next act there was a total change of properties; he stood before the public, who had heretofore pitied or admired in him the model of monastic rigour and unworldliness, as a Christian impersonation of Epicurus, and began to dogmatize in accordance with his outer transformation. His system, such as it was, in its practical part, commended itself to the low-bred and sensual Philistinism, the unfailing characteristic of a large class in every important town, and on account of its shallow and unredeemable vulgarity, has won for him the equivocal honour of being hailed in certain quarters as a forerunner of Protestantism, a reformer not unfit to be compared with St. John!

But not content with girding against fasting and virginity, Jovinian ventured far beyond his depth, by renewing the Stoical heresy of Montanus, which maintained the equality of all sinful acts, as well as that of every virtuous deed. He put forth some hazy assertions as to the inadmissibility of the Baptismal gift, and made it quite obvious that he had no distinct notion of the freedom of the human will, and of the essential conditions of moral responsibility. These last absurdities had, at least, the effect of paralyzing the influence the anti-ascetic maxims of Jovinian might otherwise have acquired. Yet were there not wanting many of the lower clergy of the Roman Church, of deaconesses, of consecrated virgins who gladly availed themselves of the justification they supplied, to "break their former promise,"⁵ by contracting marriage, or by unblushingly casting aside the veil that had hitherto concealed their profligacy from the public gaze.

⁴ *Adv. Helvid.*

⁵ 1 Tim. v. 12.

The reply to Helvidius appeared about the middle of 383. In taking leave of his foul-mouthed antagonist St. Jerome says—

Having thus worsted you in argument, I know full well that you will seek to decry my life, and bewray my character, but I glory therein beforehand, since such abuse will proceed from lips that have blasphemed Mary, and I, a servant of the Lord, will, even as His Mother, be the butt of your loquacious insolence.

This final clause contained a prophecy soon to be borne out by events. The categorical and trenchant tone wherewith, both in his treatise against Helvidius, and in his letters of direction to the several members of the community on the Aventine, he extolled the pre-eminence of the virginal over the married state, his stern denunciation of the vices and petty meannesses of too many of the Roman clergy, of the hypocrisy which made the garb of the ascetic a cloak for the indulgence of low and debasing tendencies, raised a storm against him before which he was compelled to retire, as soon as death had deprived him of the constant stay and favour he found in the esteem and congenial views of St. Damasus.

But to come without further delay to that portion of S. Jerome's correspondence with which we are more immediately concerned, setting aside the beauty of style, the interest of the historical or exegetical details in which it abounds, the characteristics and method of our Saint's direction, the sublime ideal of Christian life and evangelic perfection it sets forth, may well claim, for awhile, our exclusive attention. The unanimous witness of all, who, in subsequent ages, have attained eminence in the art of guiding souls, has awarded to St. Jerome a foremost place in the ranks of the masters of asceticism. We need allege only St. Francis de Sales' earnest and repeated recommendations to his spiritual daughter, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, to study these letters, to which may be added the high appreciation of them evinced in this passage of his *Introduction to a Devout Life*—

Let the widow that is jealous of the honour of her state read with attention the beautiful letters of the great St. Jerome addressed to the Roman ladies who were privileged to be the spiritual daughters of so illustrious a Father; for it is impossible to add aught to what he has told them.

Though dealing with souls far above the common run of mankind, and placed too, for the most part, in exceptional situations, these letters may be read with advantage, not only by the inmates of the cloister, or by those whom a call from above has fired with a legitimate and holy ambition, but by the mass of Christians engaged in the strife and turmoil of the world. For one main purpose underlies the seemingly minute and complex prescriptions of St. Jerome, and gives them their unity and significance—that, namely, of laying the solid basis of Christian life in its every degree; in other words, of inspiring that spirit of vigour, self-conquest, self-sacrifice, without which virtue is but a sorry sham. In order to inculcate and maintain this spirit in his disciples, St. Jerome directed them to its two main sources—the light divine, and the love of God. This light is none other but faith, a deep, energetic faith, *magna fides*, as he has it, kindled at the very focus of divine illumination by the earnest, untiring study of the Divine Scriptures. He taught his followers to form their judgments of men and things, of heaven and earth, of time and eternity, by the light of the Divine Word. Most of his studies on the sacred volumes, whence the Church in after ages has derived such unspeakable advantages, were undertaken with the view of accompanying his disciples through what he calls the vast fields of the Scriptures, of stimulating the ardour of their search for the treasures concealed in the mystic depths of the oracles of God. The annals of Christian heroism, for which eminent sanctity is but another name, bear frequent witness to the plastic, transforming virtue of a single phrase of Holy Writ, when duly savoured and assimilated. What floods of heavenly light must then invest the mind that makes its daily study of those pages of inspiration, teeming with the utterances of the Wisdom that in the beginning and the midst of ages presided at the creation and renewal of all things?

The passages already extracted from the letters wherein Jerome pays tribute to the memories of Fabiola and Marcella, will not have failed to give us some idea of the eagerness for deep Scriptural studies he succeeded in inspiring in all who were privileged to come within range of his influence, an eagerness which frequently amazed, no less than it charmed, him by its intensity. In one of his letters to Marcella, written during his last sojourn in Rome, he disguises these feelings by assuming a tone of gentle banter, of good-humoured complaint. Not

content with the oral explanations of the sacred text St. Jerome was wont to give to her community, Marcella sent him letters full of deep questionings on the most obscure points of Scriptural exegesis. It is to her well-timed importunity we owe many of St. Jerome's most valuable commentaries on the knotty points of Biblical lore.

Epistolary correspondence is meant to deal with domestic affairs and matters of daily occurrence, so as to render absent friends present to each other, and to enable them to communicate their thoughts and give news. . . . But you, being wholly absorbed in grave studies, can write only to put my mind on the rack, and force me to read the Scriptures. You have done so yesterday by proposing to me a most intricate question, and requiring an immediate answer. What do you take me for? Think you, perchance, that I am seated in the chair of the Pharisees, that you call on me to determine every dispute that may arise concerning the meaning of the Hebrew text? Thus you ask what was the *ephod bad*,⁶ wherewith the future prophet was clothed—was it a mere girdle, or a censor, or some kind of garment? I have also promised you a dissertation on the *teraphim*, when time allowed me.⁷

St. Jerome here goes into lengthy details concerning the *ephod* and *teraphim*, and concludes as follows—

If you have aught else to propose, wait till we meet, and should I be at fault, there will be none to bear witness against, or to condemn me. Being, as you are aware, wholly absorbed in Hebrew, my Latin has grown somewhat rusty, insomuch that when speaking Latin, a certain foreign accent mars my pronunciation. You will therefore excuse the baldness of my style, as the Apostle says, "Yea, though I be unskilled in the arts of speech, yet I am not wanting in the gift of knowledge." He spoke thus in his humility, for he possessed both, while I can lay claim to neither, for the scanty stock of knowledge I acquired in my youth is lost, nor have I attained that which I have sought after. Like the dog in the fable, while striving after great things, I have let go the trifles I could call my own.

The already quoted letter to Principia, condoling with this virgin on the recent loss of her mother in the spirit, contains a passage witnessing to the importance wherein deep and serious Scriptural studies were held by Marcella and her companions—

When the needs of the Church had called me to Rome in the company of the holy bishops, Paulinus and Epiphanius, of whom the former ruled the Church of Antioch in Syria, and the latter that of

⁶ Probably a tunic of ordinary linen.

⁷ *Inter Epist. Criticas*, t. ii, p. 611.

Salamis in the Isle of Cyprus, I sought, from a feeling of priestly reserve, to keep aloof from female society ; but Marcella, by urging me, as the Apostle says, "in season and out of season," prevailed by her perseverance over my discretion. And, as in these days, I had a certain reputation for Scriptural knowledge, we never met without her propounding me some questions about Holy Writ, and not content with the first answer that came, she continued her questionings, not in a contentious spirit, but in order to be enabled to meet the objections which might be raised against such solutions. I dare not tell you, Principia, what virtue, talent, holiness, and purity, I found in her, lest I pass the bounds of reasonable belief, and embitter your grief, by revealing to you the real extent of your loss. Thus much may I say, that all I had laboriously gathered by long study, and had assimilated by assiduous meditation, was at once attained and fully possessed by Marcella, so that after my departure from Rome, when any difficulty arose concerning the construction of a Scriptural text, recourse was had to her judgment. But as her tact equalled her talent, and she possessed in the highest degree the sentiment of what philosophers call τὸ ἀπίστον, she shaped her replies so as to give her hearers to understand that she drew not on her own stock, but on mine, or that of some other authority, so that even when teaching she appeared but as a disciple. Full well she bore in mind that saying of the Apostle, "I suffer not a woman to teach," and hence she took care to avoid even the appearance of what might have given offence to men, and to priests even, who came to consult her on the obscure and doubtful passages of the Divine Scriptures.⁸

As a further proof of the thoroughness wherewith these worthy disciples of so great a master applied to these arduous studies, we may add that with a view to reading the New Testament in its original text, and to compare the several discrepant Latin versions of the Old Testament with their Alexandrian source, these ladies set about improving their knowledge of Greek, a smattering of which was then common enough in the higher circles of Roman society, in consequence of the imperious requirements of the prevalent fashion. Many, too, summoned courage to face the difficulties of Hebrew, and thus became able to join Paula and Marcella in reciting the Psalms in the language of the inspired King and seers of old.

In dealing with this marked feature of St. Jerome's direction, we may take leave to express our regret that the natural reaction against the misuse of the Divine Scriptures by Protestant sects, and their exaggerated and unpractical notions about Bible reading, have tended to make many Catholics lose sight of the

⁸ *Epist.* 96.

immense advantages to enlightened and solid piety, accruing from the assiduous *study*, as distinguished from the mere reading, of the Word of Life. In too many cases do we see substituted in its stead devotional and ascetic works, not invariably accurate in statement, whether of doctrine or of facts, and with a tendency to foster a piety of the merely sentimental kind. Of course, we do not include in this category the standard works of the masters of asceticism, which have extorted a tribute of praise and admiration from the serious-minded of hostile sects, and to whose value the "adaptations" they are made to undergo in certain quarters bear unequivocal witness. Those great authors, the doctors of the interior life, were, as these very writings testify, nourished, and grew up to their spiritual stature, by the daily meditation and unceasing study of the Divine Scriptures. Those who would continue their labours and tread in their footsteps, must, like them, drink deep at the well-springs of Divine Wisdom.

But while thus claiming for the Sacred Volumes the foremost place as a manual of devout meditation and of the study which seeks the Wisdom from above, we must not forget that a certain degree of religious training is requisite for their profitable use. The Divine Scriptures themselves everywhere presuppose the ecclesiastical education of the minds and hearts of those to whom they were in the first instance addressed. The Bible was never intended to be handed over, without selection or discrimination, to school-children, or to those whose mental and spiritual development has scarce, if at all, risen above the stage of childhood. To our mind, the temporary and local restrictions set by ecclesiastical legislation to the indiscriminate reading of vernacular translations of the Sacred Books, are abundantly justified by the woeful decay of faith and piety among those who are the loudest in their protest against this salutary measure, which shows the deep consciousness of those who feed the flock of God, of the duty incumbent upon them to guard the faith of the ignorant and unstable from perversion. Such restrictions, which were modified as soon as the occasion for them had passed away, would, we trust, be enforced anew, if again needed.

That St. Jerome, while advocating the study of the Scriptures with that earnestness which marked his every deed and utterance, was aware of the necessity of a certain discretion in selecting the portions thereof that were to be placed in the hands of the

young and untaught, may be gathered from his admirable letter to Læta, the wife of Toxotius, the only son of Paula, wherein he traces for her, with all minuteness of detail, a plan for the education of the young Paula, her daughter, who, in after years, closed the eyes of her illustrious and sainted preceptor⁹ and spiritual guide.

Let her begin by learning the Psalms, and find her delight in these sacred songs; then let her be taught the lessons of godly life in the Proverbs of Solomon; in Ecclesiastes she will learn to trample under foot the vanities of the world; in Job she will contemplate a model of fortitude and long-suffering. She may then betake herself, never to leave them, to the Holy Gospels, and apply with her whole soul to the Acts and Epistles of the Apostles. Having stored the sanctuary of her heart with these rich treasures, she may commit to memory the Prophets, the Heptateuch,¹⁰ the Books of Kings and Chronicles, with Esdras and Esther. Last of all, she may study the Song of Songs without danger; for if she began therewith, she might take harm from misunderstanding the sense of this mystic nuptial song, veiled as it is under the images of carnal love.

But ere we proceed, it will not be irrelevant to observe, by way of complement to the foregoing digression, that the Rule IV. of the Index exhibits but one, and that the negative side, of canonical legislation on this point. The immediate predecessor of the present Pope, in his Encyclical against Bible Societies, under date of the 8th of May, 1844, alleges the decrees of them—the Holy Council of Trent enjoins on all bishops to see that the "Divine Scriptures and the law of God"¹¹ be more frequently explained to their flocks, either by themselves or by those they may depute; and that improving on the statute for this purpose, made and enacted in the Fourth Lateran Council,¹² the same august assembly orders that in each Cathedral and Collegiate Chapter, a theological prebend be set apart for persons fully capable of expounding and interpreting Holy Writ¹³ both to the clergy and people. We may also instance the lectures on Scripture established in so many churches of the Society of Jesus, which, as can be seen in the published specimens of them, may not unfrequently compare with the standard works on Biblical exegesis.

⁹ *Epist.* lvii.

¹⁰ The five Mosaic books, with Joshua and Judges.

¹¹ Sess. 24, c. 4, De Reform.

¹² *Clium* Lat. IV. c. xii. Vide *Corp. Jur.* c. 4, De Magistris.

¹³ Sess. v. c. i, De Reform.

But the method of direction set forth in the portion of St. Jerome's correspondence which now engages our attention, presents practical examples and useful lessons on the question of female education, wherewith the public mind is at present exercised. The holy Doctor ever remembered that generous aspirations and lofty sentiments are incompatible with vacuity of thought, with poverty of mental resources; that to maintain the heart above the level of the trivial cares, the petty selfishness which more than aught else arrests the development of Christian life, the mind itself must be elevated and expanded. Hence the importance he attaches to the mental culture of his disciples, is by no means the least noticeable feature of his direction. A casual glance at the letter to Læta, and at the advice he gives to Eustochium, will suffice to show in what esteem he held the serious training of the intellect, and his disdain for frivolity and ignorance even in women. Inexorably severe against the trivialities of fashionable life, and desultory or dangerous reading, he directs his disciples to seek a pure and noble aliment for their minds in the productions of human genius, but still more in the enamelled pastures of the Divine Scriptures, where he taught them to cull flowers redolent with the perfumes of Paradise. To quote the words of the Bishop of Orleans—

Amongst other lessons to be derived from the biography of St. Paula, we may learn the immense advantage accruing to spiritual life from mental culture, and the need in which women stand, both on account of their exalted mission, and of the immense influence it is given them to exercise on human character, of vigorous training and well-grounded instruction, if they are to be equal to their important duties, and to escape that frivolity by which so many lives are wasted. To be for man the help-mate and stay which God has meant her to be; to form the mind, heart, conscience, and character of her children; to be the guiding, regulating spirit, the active centre of a Christian home, is a task far beyond the capacity of an ignorant, narrow, frivolous, and superficial mind—a task requiring habits of vigorous, self-denying virtue. But it were vain to look for such, unless the soul be prepared by a serious training and real instruction. This is the only solid groundwork of a serious life, without which there is no promise of stability; and all we may look for is to behold the choicest endowments of mind and character stunted by a wretched mediocrity of aims and of practice.

We may rest assured that unless St. Jerome had found a serious mind, a taste for solid learning—in a word, a cultured and developed intellect, in the fair patricians who were privileged

to have him for their director, he would have striven in vain to raise them to those sublime virtues, to that transcendent beauty of character, which charm and edify us throughout these letters.

But while illumining their minds, the Word of Life kindled in their hearts the flames of Divine love. In reading this correspondence we cannot but feel ourselves in close contact with loving souls, fired with those ardours that consume and absorb merely sensual love, and substitute in its stead a pure love, ever aiming at unblemished purity of soul and conscience, a generous love which counts not the cost of any sacrifice required by a lofty ideal of duty, a love buoyed up by steadfast hope, uplifting them to a sphere far above the petty vanities and frivolities of life, which but too frequently blight our nobler purposes, and dwarf them into mere velleities. Invigorated by the pure and bracing air of these higher regions of divine light and love, they gave proof of the strength which nerves feminine weakness to heroic deeds and sacrifices. We observe too, that this fortitude of theirs was not the affected apathy of the Stoic; far from steeling their breasts against the legitimate and sacred affections of the domestic hearth, divine love intensified, while purifying and elevating them. As may be gathered from the lives of the saints, the love of God, the seminal principle, no less than the crowning perfection of Christian life, is at once the perennial source, and the complement of every lawful attachment. We thus see the most admirable models of Christian womanhood at every period, and in every relation of life, in these high-born matrons and maidens, who in obedience to the stern precepts of their guide, crucified, yet without suppressing their natural affections. Where can we meet with a more touching model of filial piety than Eustochium? who followed her mother into her voluntary exile, who shared her studies, and as our holy Doctor has left on record—

Could never be parted from her mother, was invariably obedient to her will, would never move a step, touch a morsel, or retire for a single night, but in her company. Without a single coin at her disposal, she rejoiced at seeing her mother distribute to the needy the scanty remnants of her paternal and maternal inheritance, deeming her love for such a parent an abundant store, a sufficient heritage.¹⁴

¹⁴ *Epist.* lxxxvi.

And further on, when we are made to assist at the closing scene of Paula's devoted and saintly life—

She was seized with a dangerous illness, or rather should I say, she at length obtained that which she had long yearned for, to leave us that she might be more fully united with God. During her illness, the well-proved tenderness of her daughter Eustochium, became still more apparent to the eyes of all. She might be seen then in constant attendance at the sick bed, fanning her mother, supporting her head, changing the pillows, chafing her feet and stomach, carefully arranging her couch, mixing her draughts, preventing by her constant care the handmaidens in their services, and regarding what was done by another as an usurpation of her right. With what ceaseless prayers, sighs and inward moanings, did she not hasten to and fro from her mother's sick bed and the Grotto of the Nativity, to implore that one so dear might be spared to her, or that if that might not be, that she might die with her, and be borne to the grave on the same bier? ¹⁵

And when the gates of death had closed upon her, and the heavenly Jerusalem numbered among its citizens one of whom the world was not worthy :

Her daughter, the honoured virgin, Eustochium, as if just weaned from her mother, could scarce be parted from her, she kissed her closed eyes, pressed her cheeks against her dead mother's face, and clinging to her corpse, seemed as if she would not let even the grave separate her from one so dearly beloved.

In the letter to Læta we may read how by constant tears and supplications a child may wrestle for a parent's soul with the powers of darkness. It also contains lessons well worthy to be pondered by Christian mothers, who may learn therein with what ceaseless watchfulness, what treasures of affection, and also, with what large-mindedness, they should educate their daughters, and train the mind and heart of souls which in holy Baptism have become the living shrines of the Holy Ghost. We may turn to his exhortation to the young widow Salvina,¹⁶ the daughter of an African prince, whose marriage with Nebridius, the nephew of Theodosius, sealed the peace between her race and the empire. After eulogizing the practical piety and charitable profusion of her departed husband, and condoling with her on his premature demise, he draws the following graceful portrait of her children :

¹⁵ *Epist.* lxxxvi.

¹⁶ *Epist.* lxxxv.

All that now remains to us of him are his young children and his wife, who inherits his chastity. The young Nebridius is the very picture of his father, a spark of whose noble energy shines forth in his first-born. . . . The sister of this boy may compare with a bouquet of roses and lilies, or with ivory adorned with purple. She is the image of her father, yet of a more graceful type, she likewise so closely resembles her mother, that the likeness of both parents may be seen blended in her. She is so lovely and engaging that all her kindred are proud of her. The Emperor has been pleased to nurse her, and the Empress has clasped her to her bosom. Every one tries to take her, to feel her little arms round his neck, to fondle and dandle her. She chatters and cannot speak plainly, which only renders her still more charming. Thus, your children, Salvina, are a constant memorial of him you have lost; in lieu of one husband God has taken from you, He gives you two children to cherish. Let then your heart be enlarged, and bestow on the children the love you once pledged to their father, that your affection for those who are left you may temper your grief for him that is no more. It is of no small moment in God's sight to bring up one's children in the way they should go.

The senator Pammachius, with his young wife Paulina, the daughter of Paula, walking hand in hand in the path Providence has marked out for the immense majority of mankind, loving each other, but in and for God, steadying and guiding each other's progress to the same heights of sanctity, will suffice to prove that in this school of St. Jerome there was no fancied incompatibility between honourable wedlock and an unfaltering striving after perfection. But then, may it be asked, was St. Jerome always consistent in his teaching and direction? Without denying that his letters bring us into contact with admirable and touching models of those sacred affections, at once the safeguard and token of untarnished purity of heart, they present to us the spectacle of more than one conflict between the love of God and the claims of home and kindred, involving the painful severance of domestic ties, and harrowing sacrifices. At the voice of her stern preceptor, Furia, as we have seen, despite her youth, her wealth, the pressing solicitations of her aged father, loath to abandon all hope of the continuance of his race, refused to lay aside the veil of premature widowhood. Blaesilla's example helps to confirm her resolution, and the old patrician houses, whether pagan or Christian, will never forgive Jerome for the share his warnings and exhortations had in determining her choice. What more touching than the struggle between the yearnings

of motherly tenderness and the consciousness of a call to leave country, kindred, and the home endeared to her by the joys and trials of her wedded life, which St. Jerome has depicted in his oft-quoted panegyric of Paula?¹⁷

She went down to Ostia followed by her brother, her kindred, and what more is, by her children, who strove by their demonstrations of tenderness to shake her resolution. The sails were unreefed and already was the ship propelled by the strokes of the oars into the open sea, while the little Toxotius stood on the shore, stretching forth his suppliant hands. Her daughter, Ruffina, in the flower of her age, by her silent, fast-flowing tears, implored her mother to wait at least for her wedding. But Paula lifted up her tearless eyes to heaven, and by her love for God, overcame that she felt for her children. In her the mother was made to yield to the handmaid of Christ. Her heart was straitened; she felt as one torn limb from limb, and in this struggle with her grief, was so much the more to be admired, as the affection she had to surmount was deep-seated. For a parent, even when led into bondage by a victorious enemy, nothing can be more cruel than to be parted from their children. But her steadfast faith nerved her to bear this separation ever so painful to nature, nay she welcomed it with joy, and overcoming her maternal tenderness by the intensity of her charity, she reserved to herself but Eustochium as the companion of her self-sacrificing purpose and of her pilgrimage. Meanwhile the ship ploughed on, and though the eyes of all on board were turned to the shore, Paula looked away, lest the sight of those she was leaving should add to the anguish of her soul. No mother could love her children more tenderly. Before taking leave of them, she gave up to them all she possessed, thus disinheriting herself on earth to purchase an heritage on high.

We cannot deny it, there was a height of virtue and self-sacrifice, to which St. Jerome spurred on the chosen souls he had found capable of hearkening to the call from above. From this exceptional side of his direction resulted a series of prescriptions, which, if taken even literally, regard only those who have heard within themselves the summons to a closer following of Christ. Clear-minded as he ever shows himself, he never forgot the broad distinction between the moral necessity, the obligation, of the Commandments, and the freedom implied in the very name of Evangelical Counsel. He was as fully aware as any of his modern critics, that the immolation of lawful affections, the relinquishment of duties based on the sacred, though natural ties of kindred, imply

¹⁷ *Epist.* lxxxvi. *ad Eustochium.*

as their correlative the special lights and inspirations, the peculiar providential shaping of individual character by outward circumstances, we are wont to speak of as a vocation to religious life. Reduced to its simplest terms, the impeachment of St. Jerome's maxims we are now dealing with, amounts only to this, he came forward as the uncompromising advocate, the earnest propagator of religious life in the West. He maintained the imprescriptible right of Christian souls to tread unshackled the rugged paths which lead to closest union with God, and claimed on their behalf, the liberty of self-sacrifice, of the renouncement not only of debasing attachments, of lawless loves, but of pure and lawful affections, in order to cleave to God in undivided unity of spirit. He unhesitatingly and consistently taught that the claims of God's service were paramount to those of flesh and blood.

In his days, no less than in ours, such teaching provoked a protest pleading, in the name of the human heart, an unqualified justification for the repugnance and resistance of nature to the Divine Call, condemning without reserve or exception all sundering of family ties, with a view to the more complete devotion of oneself to God's service. But are his gainsayers consistent? Are there no duties resulting from even natural and social relations, which imperatively call for sacrifices no less sublime and harrowing to the home feeling, as the Germans are wont to style it? When peril or dishonour menaces the Commonwealth, who but a craven will plead the relations that centre in the domestic hearth, as an excuse for turning a deaf ear to the summons to arms? The physician's art, too, entails dangers which must be unflinchingly faced. Do not justice and honour, at times, oblige the magistrate to forget that he is a husband and a father? Such self-sacrifice, when confined to the narrow sphere of merely human and temporal relations, is greeted as heroism by public conscience, inspires the song of the poet, becomes the favourite theme of the painter and sculptor. We do not claim the applause of men for the sacrifices inspired by yearnings after a lofty degree of moral excellence, by the love of God that possesses certain generous souls, and concentrates their affections and energies exclusively on Him, yet may we require that in homage to consistency, at least, they should silence the clamour of indiscriminate blame and unmeasured reproof.

J. M'S.

*The Arctic Squadron off Cape Farewell,
June, 1875.*

FLAG of England's sacred soil,
Soaring on the stormy gale,
'Mid the battle's wild turmoil,
O'er the ocean's dying wail,

Cast your folds upon the breeze,
Hold all waters for your own,
Sov'reign mistress of the seas,
E'n within the Arctic zone.

Valiant sons of Albion's shores,
Children of the Western mist,
Cradled 'mid the breakers' roars,
Speed ye to your Northern tryst!

Hearts of oak 'neath rind of steel,
Ripened fruit of British growth,
England's honour, England's weal,
Trusting claim your plighted troth.

While o'er trackless seas ye roam,
Fearlessly by duty led,
Turn to Queen, to altar, home,
Land that our forefathers bred!

England's hopes and England's pride
Shelter in your chosen few;
E'en through oceans frozen wide,
Win for her a triumph new.

W. CHARLES BRYANT.

Commentaries on Public Affairs.

IV.—THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT AND THE PRESS

MANY Catholics may perhaps have been somewhat startled at the recent jubilations of the *Times* and other papers over what they have alleged to be the enthusiastic reception which greeted the Prussian Minister, Dr. Falck, on his late visit to the Rhine provinces. As Dr. Falck is the embodiment of Prince Bismarck's anti-Christian policy, and the Rhine provinces are supposed to be the stronghold of Catholicism in the Prussian dominions, it is natural to draw the conclusion that if the facts are as they have been stated to be by the *Times* correspondent, and as they have been assumed to be by the *Times* article-writer in his comments on that correspondence, then the Catholics of Prussia, at least the Catholics in the Rhine provinces, are indifferent to the sufferings of the Church, and are ready to welcome the tool of her great persecutor with enthusiastic greetings. Such, we say, is the natural conclusion to which any ill-informed reader of the *Times* might come—such, we may add, is perhaps the conclusion to which many a Catholic reader of the *Times*, who ought not to be so ill-informed as he is, has actually come. The impudent mendacity of the accounts which appear day after day and week after week in too many of our leading papers, in the form of correspondence from Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, has often been exposed; but it would seem that to many of us the fruit of the exposure is only that the particular statement which is exposed is disbelieved, without any discredit being thrown on the source from which it comes. Such is the result of the persistent reading of anti-Catholic papers by Catholics, in the absence of some continued and vigorous castigation of the unprincipled garbling of facts of which their correspondents are guilty, we do not say with the connivance of, so much as under direct instructions from, their employers at home.

The truth seems to be, as it might have been expected to be, that Dr. Falck was never received enthusiastically in the Rhine provinces, but that, on the contrary, his reception was as cold and rebuking as it ought to have been. Of course, not one in a thousand of the readers of the *Times* will ever see the contradiction of the facts as stated by its correspondent. Such is only to be expected. What is not to be expected is, that there should be any Catholics who are aware of the contradiction, who will henceforth put any faith in the statements of the *Times* correspondents from the Prussian dominions. It was one of these gentlemen of the Press who, in the course of the last autumn, reproduced the famous forgery of the profession of faith exacted from a certain German elector on his conversion to Catholicism some two centuries ago. It is obvious that these correspondents have some excellent reasons of their own for saying to the English public exactly what the subordinates of Prince Bismarck tell them to say, and that they are not at all kept in check by any fear as to a defect of gullibility on the part of their readers or their masters. We may see, in the course of this article, what some of these excellent reasons may perhaps be. But first, in order to get rid of Dr. Falck and his imaginary triumph in the very stronghold of Ultramontane Catholicism in the Prussian dominions, we subjoin a part of an admirable letter from Aix-la-Chapelle itself, the town in which the triumph is supposed to have taken place, which appeared in a Catholic paper of July 10.

The official reception requested for Mr. Falck was positively refused by the Town Council, the majority of which, thank God, is thoroughly Catholic; and on his arrival he was only met by Government officials and Polytechnic students. Very few Catholics assisted at the dinner given in his honour, and of those the greater number were quasi-forced by their position to be present. To fill up the tables all the clerks of the Post Office, the Savings' Bank, &c., were sent; and everybody knows that the price of the tickets did not come from *their* small salaries.

From the balcony of this hotel Mr. Falck attempted to make a speech to the assembled throng, but found it impossible. Each time he opened his mouth he was interrupted by ironical bravos, hisses, and all kinds of cries. At last he managed to call out a *vivat* for the authorities and students of the Polytechnic, and then retired, without saying one word about *the town*, a sure proof that he did not participate in the satisfaction of the *Times* correspondent. Even of the Polytechnic students, though they are almost all strangers to the town, only

about a third took part in the torch procession given to Mr. Falck by that institution. One or two members of a musical society advertized that a serenade would be given to Dr. Falck by their society. This was done without the preliminary meeting required by the rules, and quite without the knowledge or consent of the Catholic members. One excellent Catholic instantly sent in his resignation, and I hear his example will be followed by all the other Catholic members.

Had I time I could mention many other circumstances to prove that in Aix-la-Chapelle, whatever welcome was given to Mr. Falck proceeded from Protestants, or Jews, and from a few of the so-called Catholics who are unfortunately to be found in every community. The great majority, whether rich or poor, in this very Catholic town, would have regarded it as base cowardice to show any honour whatever to this arch-enemy of their holy faith.

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC VISITOR TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Aix-la-Chapelle, 7th July, 1875.

We regret to see that the readers of so respectable an Anglican paper as the *Guardian* are treated by the correspondent of that organ to the same sort of stuff about Dr. Falck's "triumphal progress" as the readers of the *Times*. But this is not the first occasion on which we have had to point out that the German correspondent of the *Guardian* is unworthy of the confidence which seems to be reposed in him. Possibly the statement which we are about to make as to the dealings of Prince Bismarck's government with contributors to the English as well as the German press, may suggest an explanation of the phenomenon.

We have before us a publication—we hardly know whether to call it a book or a pamphlet—teeming with information as to the history and present condition of the German press and other kindred subjects. Among these kindred subjects is one which intimately concerns Englishmen—the manner in which the Press of countries outside the German Empire is "manipulated" by the agents of the German Government. There can be little doubt of the general accuracy of the facts stated in M. Wuttke's publication, which is now in its second edition. The author is or was a professor of the University of Leipsic, well known for his historical and literary works, a long catalogue of which is printed on the cover of the present book. He has lived in the midst of the "literary world" of his own country, and his present work evinces at every page the industry with which he has collected his materials and the

care with which he makes any statement of importance. In truth, the work is one of those exhaustive monuments of labour which we are accustomed to expect when a German professor undertakes a congenial subject. He begins, "The Trojan war from the two eggs"—that is, he begins his history of the German press from the foundation of the famous *Allgemeine Litteratur Zeitung* at Jena towards the end of the eighteenth century. This makes it somewhat too much of an undertaking for our present purpose to endeavour to analyze the whole of the work before us. M. Wuttke is not, we believe, a Catholic. He is certainly not an "Ultramontane." If he belongs to any party, it is a party which hardly exists any longer, the "Old German" party, which was struck down in 1866 and annihilated in 1870. He has, therefore, every reason to be trusted.

We must pass, therefore, but rapidly over the earlier portions of Mr. Wuttke's volume.¹ At the time of the foundation of the organ which we have just named, Germany enjoyed a blessing of which the tendency of the modern policy of its writers is to deprive it. There were, and still are, a great number of centres of intellectual and literary activity. Political centralization, need not, as a matter of course, lead to the destruction of such centres, but the effect of the Bismarckian Empire will probably be in this direction as a matter of fact. The idea of the *Allgemeine Litteratur Zeitung* was to give reviews of all the books which appeared from time to time. The example of Jena was soon followed in a number of other cities: and the staple of the periodical press, which thus multiplied itself was in the main literary. We might, perhaps, take away the breath of some of the contributors to the multitudinous press of our own country, if we were to cite the rules and precautions which Mr. Wuttke enumerates as having been insisted upon by the editors of these German reviews in order to secure solid and impartial articles on the several books, as to which they undertook to guide the public judgment. Now that books are reviewed without being read, and that reviewers secure their own impartiality by a conscientious and absolute ignorance of the subject matter of the works noticed, it would be little less than cruel to publish the precautions taken in a bygone and unenlightened age in the interests of accurate knowledge and truthful criticism. We pass on, therefore, from the German

¹ *Die Deutschen Zeitschriften, und die Entstehung der öffentlichen Meinung.* Von H. Wuttke. Leipsic, 1874. (Kruger).

reviews to the class of publications which answers to the "magazines" of our own time and country, called in Germany *Unterhaltungs Blaetter*. The epoch of glory for these publications, Mr. Wuttke tells us, was the third decade of the century—from 1820 to 1830. In them, as in our magazines, the public was treated to small doses of literature, history, and art; but above all, poetry and fiction. Many were, as we are told, undeniably inferior in literary excellence to the class of periodicals already noticed, but they had nothing about them decidedly bad. At the time of which we are speaking the political press was almost a nonentity in Germany. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Augsburg, one of the best papers in Europe, was alone in rising to the level of the newspapers of other countries. The press was, of course, everywhere subject to a strict censorship.

The convulsions of 1848, had, as may be expected, an immense influence on the position and character of the German press. As a matter of fact it is almost universally true, that political excitement indisposes men either to literary labours or to reading of an intellectual kind. The English publishers and booksellers dread a general election, or a time of social agitation. The present state of affairs in France, in which country the political and even social stability of things seems to rest on so uncertain a foundation, makes itself felt in the paucity of serious works in the line of history and science which issue from the press. Take up any good French catalogue of recent publications, and you will find it only half as interesting as it might have been ten years ago. The effect of 1848 in Germany was to send the highest literary organs to the right about; or at least, to confine them to special circles of readers. The same fate seemed at one time to threaten the *Quarterly Reviews* in this country, where, after all, political and social passions seldom rise to the fever heat which they attain abroad. Again, even literary criticism began to be taken out of the hands of the more "professional" reviews. There has been a similar movement in this country, in which the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* are still, indeed, at the head of periodical criticism, but in which, nevertheless, the weekly, and even the daily papers, are of more weight in forming the judgment of the general public; though, as far as the inert mass of non-thinking readers are concerned, the good graces of Mr. Mudie are of more importance than the criticisms of the many able writers who form the staff of the *Saturday*

Review, the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, or of one of the youngest and best of our weekly organs, the *Academy*. The multitude of works which issue from the press in the course even of a single week in London, is far too great for careful criticism, even in a weekly paper of the size of the *Saturday Review*. In Germany it is probably greater. At all events, from 1848 must date the decline of serious criticism in that country. The class of periodicals which answered to our reviews lost their predominance. The *Unterhaltungs Blätter* gave up criticism properly so called. A set of minor periodicals, of a lower price, illustrated, and containing a large amount of fiction, by the side of small dilutions of science and useful information, took the place of the older "magazines." Politics were mixed up with everything else in these new publications, as well as religious controversy. The *Gartenlaube* of Leipzig, which ten years after its foundation in 1853, numbered a hundred and sixty thousand subscribers, is strongly coloured both by Prussian liberalism and by rationalism.

It is from 1848 that the political Press of Germany practically dates its existence. It appears, however, that both in point of independence and of importance it has generally been far below the level of the Press as we know it in this country. M. Wuttke attributes much of its comparative weakness to the great number of journals, which prevents the predominance of any favoured few. In 1864, he tells us, there were three thousand German newspapers in the world, an immense number of which were merely local papers, paying themselves by their advertisements and living for news upon the greater journals. We are surprised to be told that there are at present only two papers in Germany which print more than thirty thousand copies a day, one of which is the *Cologne Gazette* and the other a Berlin paper. There are six which have between twenty and thirty thousand subscribers, and thirteen which reach ten thousand. The great majority of the papers do not get beyond two or three thousand. The Germans have thus an essentially poor and needy Press; a Press, therefore, which can easily be bought, and of which a Government which finds it worth its while to make use of its influence, may very easily obtain the command. Moreover, political parties are not, or at least have not been, in Germany the formidable entities which they are among ourselves. Political life is weak, and it is only lately that the majority of the people have taken any interest in politics. This may account, among other things, for the difficulty with which

the Catholic opposition, even under the pressure of extreme persecution, has organized itself. It accounts also for the servility of the greater part of the German Press to the Government which has it so completely under its control.

M. Wuttke gives a very interesting account of the manner in which the independence of the Press has fallen before the encroachments of bureaucratic influences in the German Empire. He traces the first steps of the process in two departments which very much need jealous supervision on the part of all who are alarmed at the great progress of State despotism which marks our time. It appears, in the first place, that the German Press was always in the habit of using the system of "special correspondents" to an extent unusual elsewhere. We are getting to it very much more than of old times in the English Press. Our provincial papers, in particular, are remarkable for the detestable twaddle which is administered to their readers by "our London correspondent," who constantly retails, not even the gossip of the clubs in Pall Mall, but the gossip of the flunkeys who stand behind the members of the said clubs when they go out to dinner. The German papers soon found that it was either too expensive to maintain their "own correspondents" in large numbers, or too troublesome to invent day by day in their own office the number of lines or columns which might be palmed off on their readers as "correspondence." The Government, moreover, had an eye to the influence which this sort of news exercised, and were quite willing to lay their hands upon it. Hence rose the practice of having one "correspondence" in a particular place lithographed and sent by post to a number of papers, each one of which printed it as its own. The earliest instance of lithographic correspondence was the French "Correspondance Garnier," which was set up in Paris so far back as the beginning of the reign of Louis Phillippe. The French Government got hold of it, and it remained Orleanist after the fall of the Orleans dynasty.

A special edition of this correspondence was issued for the German papers, and was for many years their chief source of general information. After 1848 a similar "correspondence" was started at Frankfort by a person named Wolff, and took its place as the great authority with the papers of the country. It was lithographed on one side of the page only, and could thus with less trouble be sent off to the press by the provincial editor, who was eased by it from a considerable amount both

of expense and thought. But his paper became inevitably less independent. The rich few who have obtained so much influence in the European press of our time, or the Minister who wished to send a certain version of affairs over the length and breadth of the land, had only to put a pressure, gentle or otherwise, upon the office where these lithograph correspondences were manufactured at so much a line, and the end was gained. Twenty or thirty journals would publish the same article unchanged. A few great papers, indeed, had their own independent sources of information, and gave their own views on the news or the questions of the day. But the great majority of papers were simply, in this respect, echoes of the two or three men who, entirely disguised and unknown to the public, and writing without the slightest responsibility, sent out the lithographed correspondence. In case of misrepresentation or calumny they were scot-free. The contradiction of anything they might choose to say would seem to touch the journals which quoted them without saying that they did so. In France the "Agence Haras," which, we are told, is the successor of the "Correspondence Garnier" of which we have spoken, is now in many cases quoted as the authority for its own statements. In Germany there is not even so much of publicity.

The centralization and sacrifice of independence in the papers which resulted from the large influence of these lithographed correspondences became still greater from the influence of the electric telegraph and its despatches. We are told that the famous Reuter began his enterprize at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1850, and supplied the want of wires between Aix and Brussels by means of pigeons. He then went to Berlin, where he established a system of telegrams for the benefit of newspapers only. Then he went to London, and his system attained the predominance which it now possesses. M. Havas did the same in Paris, giving his telegrams to the papers at cost price, in order to keep down any opposition. Nevertheless, an opposition was started in Paris, under the Empire, but was put down by the strong arm of M. de Persigny. This, however, was at the price of the entire subservience of the "Agency" to the views and wishes of the Government. In Italy a similar "agency" was established, known by the name of Stefani. M. Wuttke tells us that it distinguished itself, even among telegraphic agencies, by its daring mendacity and the comparatively small proportion of truth which it circulated. A German "agency" now followed

at Berlin, then a subordinate office at Frankfort, and ten years ago the two were swallowed up in the powerful company, "Wimmell and Wenzel." This agency is entirely devoted to the Prussian Government. There is also an "agency" at Vienna. These great companies or speculators are too wise not to remain at peace among themselves, and not to play into each others' hands. They are all equally in relation with the Governments in the places which are their head-quarters, on whose favour they naturally depend, and who, in return, can make very great use of their telegrams. The telegraphic wires abroad are all the property of the Governments, which have it therefore in their power to make their own terms with the "agencies," and having once made them, to take care that they are not interfered with by private competition. All over the Continent the "agencies" we have named have the priority in the use of the wires. They can thus beat any competitor out of the field, and they have this privilege on the understanding that their telegrams are such as the Government wishes to see published.

Ordinary newspapers, of course, depend entirely on the companies who supply them with their telegrams. They must take what they can get, and as they pay heavily for the article, and their readers expect at least something which may pass for news in that part of the paper to which they first look for the "Latest Intelligence," it can hardly be matter of surprise that they invariably publish what is given them under that head. It is a matter of fact that, on the Continent, a paper which is opposed to the Government is badly served in the matter of telegrams, even if it can get them at all. M. Wuttke tells a good story which illustrates this. The *Cologne Gazette*, one of the best circulated papers on the Continent, in intimate relations with the Prussian Government, complained some years ago that its telegrams were copied by a Catholic paper, the *Kölnische Blaetter*. The Catholic paper replied that it had been driven to do what it did in self-defence. It had subscribed, a year before, to the Wagner "agency" at Frankfort, which was bound to supply it with telegrams. After a short time, the managers of the Wagner office declined to send any more telegrams, on the ground that Cologne was in the part of the country which it had agreed to leave to the Wolff "agency." The *Blaetter* thereupon addressed itself to M. Wolff at Berlin, stipulating that its telegrams should not be always the same as

those sent to the *Cologne Gazette*. After a time, however, the *Cologne Gazette* complained of even this indulgence being accorded to its rival, and M. Wolff returned the money which had been paid him by the *Blaetter*, refusing to send any more telegrams at all. The Catholic paper then tried to organize a private "service" between Berlin and Cologne, but it found that the telegraph office at the former place always sent its telegrams later than those to the other papers. It then gave up its attempts, and simply copied the favoured journal of the Government. This is but one instance out of many in which the power of the Government is used to force the telegraph agencies to be unfair to the papers which advocate the Catholic side. The only resource which a Catholic paper has is to organize private telegrams, which of course cost much more than others, and are besides postponed to them in transmission. M. Wuttke mentions some papers in Germany whose private telegrams cost them from twenty to thirty thousand francs a year.

But we need not draw out in any detail what is so obvious as the immense influence which the telegraphic offices, and through them, the Government, must exercise on the Press in a country like Germany. The papers must subscribe, at a heavy annual cost, for these telegrams: they must take them as they are sent to them, trivial, and worse than trivial, as they often are. And, in the last analysis, what is communicated to them, and by them to the public, by means of these telegrams, is just what the Government wishes people to believe, and no more. In Germany, as many of our Catholic readers know by experience, even the post is not safe. It is only with great difficulty, and many precautions, that a German Catholic can correspond with his friends abroad as to the state of things under the Bismarckian persecution. But the interference of the Government with private letters is as nothing when compared with its interference with the telegrams, which, from the nature of the case, unless they are sent in cypher, are open to official inspection.

It appears, however, from Mr. Wuttke's volume, that the German Government is by no means content to influence the press by the commonplace instrumentality of lying telegrams, or telegrams which, if they do not positively lie, at least suppress the truth. The suppression of the censorship in 1848 was hardly an accomplished fact before the bureaucracy of

Berlin set itself to work to organize its literary forces with as much method and diligence as had been used in the conversion of the whole male population into an army. The "Press Bureau," of which we have heard so much, was founded in Berlin in 1849. There were two divisions of the office from the beginning—a very noticeable fact. One of these looked after the press at home, the other manipulated the press of foreign countries. At first the funds allotted to the Bureau amounted to between thirty-five thousand and fifty thousand thalers yearly, out of the "secret service money." Literary work is cheap in Germany, and this comparatively modest sum was, in the happy years before the accession of Prince Bismarck to his more than imperial throne, sufficient to pay a corps of writers who produced articles at command, for insertion in various newspapers at home, as well as for the more expensive luxury of hired scribes in foreign newspapers. The method of influencing the press which was thus introduced deserves full credit for its cleverness and unobtrusiveness. The chief part of the bribe went to the writer, whose article, when concocted, was offered to a newspaper editor gratis. In many cases the editor, especially in a foreign country, would be only too glad to insert a contribution which appeared to bear on its face the character of creditable authorship and adequate information. We have seen articles, short and long, in various English newspapers, in which Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy has been apologized for with an air of apparent candour and regret at the necessity which has forced the German Government into a line of policy which is certainly not in itself palatable to English minds, and we have not the slightest doubt as to the source from which these articles came. It is not necessary to suppose even collusion on the part of the English editor; though of course there are many cases in which he cannot be acquitted so lightly.

By the side of the Press Bureau the German Government also took care to found important papers of its own, at the head of which must be placed the *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. This, however, by no means exhausted the official activity at Berlin. In 1863 appeared for the first time an official journal called the *Provincial Correspondence*, which was the organ of the Minister of the Interior, and was designed to give the newspapers and officials throughout Prussia the opinion of the Government on the questions of the day. This paper continues

in full official bloom to the present day. All officials are obliged to subscribe to it. It is distributed by the police, and is ordered to be read in public. This, however, was far from enough for the Prussian Ministry. It employed the already existing machinery of lithographic correspondence which was forced upon the hitherto independent papers. Officials at Berlin were instructed by the ministers in office what news were to be spread, and what colour was to be given to it. They then drew up the lithographic sheets, which were sent over the country by subordinate *employés*, and especially to the newspapers. Every kind of influence was used to force them upon the editors. An Austrian paper once attacked these "communicated" statements, as an Austrian paper was safe in doing. But a Cologne journal happened to reproduce the comments of its Austrian contemporary, and was at once prosecuted under the law which makes it penal to "excite hatred or contempt of public institutions." That is, the Press Bureau and its "special" correspondence were "public institutions"—a part of the constitution of Prussia! Again, the *Augsburg Gazette* was for some time published in Prussia, and only obtained release from the prohibition by opening its columns to the correspondence of which we speak, as the paper in question very frankly avowed.

These manœuvres of the Prussian Government date from the time before the war of 1866, in which Austria was so fatally defeated at Sadowa. They contributed very largely to that catastrophe, in which the old Germany was destroyed to make way for the despotism of Prussia. A current of opinion was created throughout Germany in favour of the designs of Berlin, which had a great deal to do with the success of the "big battalions" in the open field.

The author on whose work our statements are founded, published the first edition of his work—which attracted comparatively little attention—in 1863. Even then he pointed out the dangers which were threatening the independence and vigour of the Press of his country from the powerful agencies which were striving to reduce it to a simple engine of the Berlin Home Office. His second edition, which carries the question on to a date less than three years ago, though it does not embrace the latest and most audacious of Prince Bismarck's dealings with the Press, shows that the Prussian Government has had too much reason to rejoice over the services it has received from the subservient Press in making itself master

of Germany, to abandon the line of policy to which it owed so much. The evil has gone on advancing with the strides of a giant. The German Press all over the world has multiplied marvellously in the last few years. There are now more than five thousand papers in existence. There are nearly three hundred in Switzerland and nearly five hundred in the United States. Of course they are not all political. The Germans are a nation fond of "specialities," and all classes and tastes and professions and trades have their own papers. Freemasons, chess-players, volunteers, brewers, firemen, *fiancés*, and even the deaf and dumb have their journals, as well as cooks and hairdressers. But there is a serious decadence in the papers and periodicals which addressed themselves to the highest subjects on which the mind of man can be occupied, theology and science. Amusing literature and illustrated papers hold the first place. The *Gartenlaube* of Leipsic, already mentioned, had in 1873 a circulation of four hundred and sixty thousand, and there were others of the same class which approached it. Political journals, of course, have not diminished in number, but there is even less independence about them than ever. The majority of these papers can do little more than pay their expenses by their circulation and their advertisements. In order to make money they must lay themselves open to "subventions" and the assistance of persons in power. At the present moment no Press in Europe is more entirely at the beck of the Government than the German Press, except it be the Press of Russia.

The large funds which a Government like that of Berlin must require in order to act upon a Press like that of Germany—to speak, for the moment, of no other nearer home—have been provided in a manner which shows the characteristic cynicism and contempt of honesty for which Prince Bismarck is famous. Before 1866, the secret service money at the disposal of the two Ministers who have to manage the Press—the Home Minister and the Foreign Minister—did not exceed 70,000 thalers. At present the sums at their disposal have been almost indefinitely multiplied. Our readers may have heard of the famous "Reptile Fund," but they may not all be aware how it was created. At the outbreak of the fatal war of 1866, King George of Hanover, the cousin of our own most gracious Sovereign, lodged a sum of nineteen millions of thalers for safety in London. When he was obliged to "capitulate" in the war of Sadowa, he was solemnly promised by his conquerors

the enjoyment of his "private fortune," but no mention was made of the sum lodged in London. This was immediately claimed by the Prussian Government. Negotiations ensued, in which our own Government is said to have intervened, and the end was that the Prussian Government undertook to pay the King sixteen millions of thalers, on condition of the surrender of his claim to the greater part of his real property and to the sum placed in London. The King executed his part of the contract. It is almost needless to say that it was too much for the honesty of the Prussian Government to execute their part. Prince Bismarck declared that the King was secretly plotting for his own restoration, and that his own conscience forbade him to pay over the sixteen millions. We are not told what view the Government of her Britannic Majesty took of the "high moral" position assumed by the pious Emperor William. Any how, the sixteen millions were "sequestered," and united to another large sum which constituted the property of the Elector of Hesse, also dispossessed in 1866. The revenues of the Elector amounted to four hundred thousand thalers. The Chambers were asked to place both sums at the disposal of the Government, "to combat the intrigues of the enemies of Prussia." Prince Bismarck declared in the Landtag (Jan. 29, 1867) that the money should be applied in "following these evil reptiles into their holes, and observing what they are doing." The coarse cynicism was caught up, and the fund thus placed at the disposal of the Government, for the avowed purposes of corruption, was called the *Reptile Fund*.

From the date which has now been mentioned, golden days began for the literary agents of Prince Bismarck. The "Press Bureau" became an exceedingly well-provided institution. No account is ever given or asked of the manner in which the money is spent, though the mere interest of the sums thus absolutely controlled by the Home and Foreign Ministers, would make no inconsiderable hole in the Civil List of Queen Victoria. M. Wuttke tells us that the management of the fund and the intrigues connected with its administration, are in the hands of an intimate friend and confidant of Prince Bismarck, a M. Aegidi, the editor of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. This gentleman has under his orders a whole legion of *employés*, some of whom collect the news—and the views—which the Prince and his colleagues wish to be put forward, while others

are the writers of the articles which are sent off to the editors of the "independent" Press. The funds of King George and of the Elector of Hesse explain quite naturally certain phenomena which might otherwise appear not very intelligible. Men without money have founded expensive journals, which began by wearing an appearance of independence. Papers which had been troublesome in opposition were bought up. Papers, the connection of which with the Government was concealed under a varnish of Liberalism, were printed at Berlin without titles, then sent into the provinces, where the name and a few local items of news were added, the whole thus doing duty as local organs. The existing papers were managed by the supply of officious communications; advertisements, well paid, were forwarded to them, their "caution money" was restored to them, and advantages of all sorts offered to editors and proprietors. Attempts were made to bribe even Catholic papers. The editor of one of these declared publicly that he had been offered seven thousand five hundred thalers if he would be silent during the last elections.

The passage in which M. Wuttke traces the use made of the Reptile Fund to act upon the foreign press are naturally of more interest to ourselves than those which deal with the corruption of the Home Press in Germany. Things have got to that pitch in Germany, that it appears not to be considered disgraceful for a writer to be in the pay of the Government. In 1873, the Catholic paper, the *Germania*—the editor of which, though a member of Parliament, has been imprisoned by the Government, and his health ruined—accused the editor of the *Spencer Gazette* of being under the secret influence of the Press Bureau. The editor in question brought an action against the *Germania* for defamation. The tribunal acquitted the Catholic paper, not on the ground of the truth of the charges, but there was nothing defamatory in it.

We may trust that among ourselves the decision would have been different. It is probable, however, that a similar charge might easily be brought home to many an English newspaper, or rather to many a writer who has admission into the columns of English newspapers, even of the highest rank. We have already said it is the Bismarckian policy to bribe writers, not editors or proprietors, at least in the first instance and directly. The German Embassies have all officials whose business it is to deal with the Press of the country to which

the Embassy is addressed. It is said that fifty thousand thalers are spent annually even in Paris. Another method employed is that of lithographed "correspondence," which is issued in English, French, and German. The Germans, both Government and subjects, attach much importance to foreign public opinion, but what comes to them as such from English newspapers is often what has been originally sent over in this form from Germany, or comments written by a well-paid hand upon what has thus been sent over. Again, foreign writers of influence of the Press of their own country have been bought over. This happened lately in the case of the Editor of the *Moscow Gazette*. The case became public, and the official organ of the Prussian Government accused the maladroit editor, whose only fault was that he had not successfully concealed that he had been bribed, with having been bribed by King George of Hanover!

We may add, without going into details, that the English Press, and the *Times* itself, does not escape the animadversions of M. Wuttke, in connection with the infamous proceedings of the "Press Bureau" of the Prussian Government. Persons acquainted with the manner in which our great journals are managed can never be as surprized as the uninitiated may be, at the turn which has been taken by more than one of these journals on what may be called the Bismarckian question. We have already hinted that the Prussian Government does not, at least in this country and others where some respect for independent public opinion exists, send its emissaries into the office of the editor of a newspaper with bribes in their hands to buy the support of the gentleman in question, as it were, over the counter. But it is not less true that it possesses a very considerable influence over the journals in question, an influence which their readers do not suspect, and which it would be fatal to the journals we mention to have publicly disclosed. There is one "correspondence" in particular, which exercises a remarkable influence on public opinion as to German affairs—that of the *Times* from Berlin—which is as much the instrument of Prince Bismarck as if the writer was paid by the Prussian "Press Bureau" instead of by his employers in Printing House Square. But if our readers wish to trace the workings of the money which the German Chancellor has "annexed" out of the pockets of King George of Hanover and the Elector of Hesse, they will probably find it, as far as

this country is concerned, in a number of articles appearing from time to time in daily or weekly journals, in which the policy of Prince Bismarck is justified on the ground of the entirely exceptional circumstances of the German Empire. They will find it in violent attacks upon Ultramontanism as such, in articles which profess to unveil the secret intrigues of those universal malefactors the Jesuits, and which hint not obscurely that the time has come when the Catholic conspiracy must be met by persecution at home as well as abroad. They will find it in statements, apparently too detailed to be pure inventions, of the reaction against Ultramontanism among the Catholics themselves, or of the triumphant reception which has been accorded to such progresses as that of M. Falck. They will find it in articles praising the late work of M. de Laveleye, which has needed none of Prince Bismarck's purloined gold to recommend it to Mr. Gladstone. They will find it in lying telegrams about what the Pope has said about the German Bishops, or as to the proposals submitted to His Holiness by Cardinal Manning. In truth, where will they not find it, in any statement in Protestant journals or by Protestant correspondents as to the affairs of Germany and the Church? At all events they will gain something from the knowledge of the facts which we have been dwelling upon if it makes them, on the one hand, entirely distrust any statement such as that of the *Times* correspondent concerning Mr. Falck and the Catholics of the Rhine provinces, with which we began this article, and, on the other, do their best to support and disseminate the few Catholic journals which give true and conscientious accounts, as far as they can be had, of the details of the malignant persecution which is now being carried on in Germany, and which is supported by the purchased silence or equally purchased applause of a large portion of the Press.¹

¹ Perhaps we may be allowed to suggest to our Catholic newspapers that it might save their readers from some danger of misapprehension, if they were more constantly to specify the sources of the scraps of information which they sometimes quote from telegrams or correspondence which have originally appeared in the Protestant papers. We have sometimes seen bits of news from Rome, Germany, and France which have evidently come from a "Reptile" source, or from some other source of a like character, which an unwary reader might perhaps take in on the faith of the Catholic organ which quotes them. All ordinary telegrams from Germany which have anything to do with the Pope, the Church, the Falck laws, and other similar subjects, should all be noted as "Reptile," or "Bismarckian." It would be as well also if attention were continually drawn to the "Reptile" articles in the *Times*.

Two reflections are suggested to us by the elaborate system of falsification of which we have been able to give here but a very brief and very superficial sketch. The thoroughness with which the designs of Prince Bismarck and his colleagues against the Church and the peace of Europe are carried out, the perfection with which the most minute details are cared for, as well as the absolute unscrupulousness with which the end in view is preserved, suggest the recollection of a certain unjust steward of whom mention is made in one of the Gospel parables, whose prudence was illustrated by the remark of our Lord that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Prince Bismarck, with all the experience which he has had of the practical influence in the concerns of this world of the detestable maxim that "might makes right," is still perfectly alive to the importance of making the wrong which he does in the name of right appear to be right and not wrong, by means of a well-managed Press. Prussia is the power above all others now in the world which has spent the most pains and sacrificed the interests of civilization must ruthlessly for the sake of having the preponderance of brute force on her side, and yet she is also the power which, beyond all others, has seen the worldly wisdom of manipulating and shaping public opinion in her own interests. Prince Bismarck has two definite ends in view, the formation of a centralized German Empire which shall rule Europe, and the destruction of the Catholic Church. He has never hesitated to sacrifice human lives by hundreds of thousands for the first object, he has never hesitated to adopt the most flagrant measures of persecution for the second. But neither does he hesitate to spend gold lavishly for the purpose of supporting the army of writers and agents of every kind who fight for Prussia, not on the open field of battle, but in the wide plains of the Press in the largest sense of the term. It would be well if those who have at heart the interests of the Church, of religion, and of civilization, which must always fall with religion and be oppressed by her persecutors, would imitate the German Chancellor, not indeed in the unscrupulous use which he makes of his resources, but in his intelligent recognition of the virtue of such weapons as the Press, and in his ready devotion of large material means to serve the cause for the triumph of which he lives. How this devotion can be imitated among ourselves is too large a subject to be undertaken at

the end of an article like the present ; but we may take the liberty of saying, that however satisfactory may be the present state of the Catholic press among ourselves if it be compared with past years, that press has a right to a far larger amount of support and assistance of every kind than it receives.

Our other reflection must be of a somewhat sombre character. A good deal of nonsense has been talked, and is continually talked, about the freedom of the press, the inestimable blessing which it confers upon society, and the obscurantism and narrowness of those who would impose any restriction upon it in the interests of religion, morality, loyalty, or truth. When will people come to see that the question in the nineteenth century is not about the legitimate liberty of the press, but about its preservation from two evils which are alike dangerous to its very existence as an instrument of good—unbridled licence, such as that condemned in the Syllabus on the one hand, and the most servile and degraded corruption such as exists in Germany and elsewhere on the other? To our mind, a poisoned press is worse than a gagged one, and the rulers of this world have found out in our time that it is more easy, though it costs rather more, to poison than to gag the press. The result is that another element of culture and civilization—not to speak of the higher interests of truth and right—is being destroyed. The barbarism of our times is rapidly gaining another of its many triumphs. It has already chained science to the war-chariot, and made her toil day and night to invent new weapons of destruction, on the largest and bloodiest scale. It has already made domestic life almost impossible to a very large proportion of the male population of the Continental States, and forced the interests of industry, commerce, literature, and the altar itself, to rank after the exigences of a savage militarism, which looks upon the human race chiefly as furnishing the raw material for the shambles of the battle-field. It now aims at making a corrupted slave of newspaper literature, that the organs of public thought may no longer be at liberty to stir the conscience of the world with true statements and unfettered comments concerning the acts and the policy of its masters, and that what is represented as an independent press, may give forth nothing but the adulations of an army of pensioners, celebrating, in the name of progress and enlightenment, the advances and victories of the Empire of Brutality.

To our Lady on her Assumption.

HAIL sacred living Ark !
Thy own Creator's loved abode,
Pass on to-day thy joyous road,
Pass from our world so dark !

Virgin of Virgins, rest :
He Who has laid His Infant Head
Upon thy bosom for His bed,
Will fold thee to His Breast.

Not earth to earth—but Heaven !
If Adam's daughter needs must die,
God's chosen Mother may not lie
Where dust to dust is given.

O Queen ! O Mother bright !
Take to His Feet our prayers and tears,
Carry our burdens and our fears ;
They will not stop thy flight.

Dearest, and best, and first !
Place in His Heart our wants and woes,
O Mother ! plead, as one who knows
Life's anguish at its worst.

Plead for the sad of heart ;
That grief and pain may never dim
The weary eyes that strain for Him,
While the hot tear-drops start.

But let no thoughts to-day,
Save those of gladness, fill the breast ;
Let not our trouble and unrest
Darken our Mother's way.

On her triumphant car
Turn, turn the eager wistful gaze,
Where, 'mid the sun's most brilliant blaze,
We still behold our Star.

To our Lady on her Assumption.

Though gone from us, not lost ;
With love yet stronger than of yore,
Our souls' desires she will outpour
To Him Who loves us most.

On with true hearts and strong !
Cast out the timid, doubting fear,
Light up the eye, and dry the tear ;
Life's journey is not long !

Patience—for we must wait
Till self be conquered, Heaven be won,
And Mary's prayers have drawn us on,
Safe to our Father's gate !

C. P.

Chronicles of Catholic Missions.

IV.—THE MODERN CHURCH OF COREA (PART I.).

THERE was a child of poor parents in Provence whose first lessons had been given to him as an alms, and who had managed to pay his small pension at the school of the *frères* only by making rosary beads at every leisure moment. The call to foreign mission came to him with the vocation to the priesthood, and it ripened into maturity in a careful retreat made amidst the silent solitudes of the Trappist monastery of Aiguebelle. When only twenty-three, Lawrence Imbert, ordained priest in 1819 at the Missions Etrangères, sailed for China, and spent there many years of labour. In 1837 the bulls arrived from Rome, appointing him the successor of Mgr. Bruguière, as Vicar Apostolic of Corea. It will be remembered¹ how that apostolic man died at the very gates of his Vicariate. Mgr. Imbert was to be the first bishop to enter the charmed land, whose jaws seemed to yawn with tremendous menace on any foreigner who dared to approach it.

The journey right across China was made in safety, then the difficult exit from the Celestial Empire was accomplished, and at last, accompanied by a Chinese catechist and a young theological student, spite of perils such as the other missionaries had to confront, on the 18th of December, 1837, he penetrated through the closely-guarded frontier, and a fortnight after was welcomed, in the capital city, with feelings better imagined than described by his precursor, the Abbé Maubant. The other labourer, M. Chastan, was detained in the southern provinces. By the May of that year the three together had baptized 1,994 adults—at what cost, can only be calculated by recollecting that their whole life was one continued stratagem to conceal by constant watchfulness and forced marches, their very existence in the country from the Govern-

¹ See MONTH, June, p. 222.

ment officials, from the pagans, and even as far as might be from those of doubtful fidelity among their own flock. Here is a specimen of Mgr. Imbert's days.

I always rise at half-past two. At three I call the people of the house for public prayer, and begin my pastoral work at half-past three. Baptisms and confirmations, if there are any candidates, then Mass, Communion, and my thanksgiving. By this means the fifteen or twenty people who have approached the Sacraments can get away before daylight. All the day long others come in, one by one, for confession, and they must stay until the following morning. I myself never remain more than two days in the same house. I suffer much from hunger as, spite of the cold and piercing climate, I must wait till noon for my dinner, and that but a wretched, scanty, and by no means substantial meal. After dinner and a little rest I teach theology to my upper students [who followed their bishop in all his wanderings], and then confessions till nightfall. At nine o'clock I lie down on the ground upon a mat and a carpet of Tartar wool. There are neither beds nor mattresses in Corea.

Though delicate and sickly, I have always led a busy and laborious life: here I think I have reached the superlative, the *ne plus ultra* of work. You may well suppose, with so painful an existence, one does not much fear the sabre cut which will bring it to an end. Yet, after all, I am pretty well; this cold and dry climate agrees with me.

Slight, at least comparatively slight, storms warned the Christians from time to time with what elements of destruction the air all around them was laden. The chief regent—the King was a minor—seemed friendly to them; the prejudices of the mob or the malice of some mandarin from time to time harassed the Christians in different places, but on the whole nothing could be more prosperous, nothing more promising for the future. The annual embassy to Peking was made a means of regular communication with the Holy See and with the authorities of the Missions Etrangères, young Coreans were being trained for the ministry, while at home the missionaries were beginning to organize associations, to train up catechists, and publish works, while the administration of the sacraments went on steadily and regularly.

In the beginning of 1839 the Prince Regent resigned, the political party most adverse to Christianity came into power, and in an instant a deadly persecution burst over the whole of the land. The individual victories of its many martyrs are familiar to many of our readers from their acts in the *New*

Glories of the Catholic Church,² and the sketch by Canon Shortland; but very naturally their interest is intensified by the fuller and consecutive narrative of their new chronicler, who has had little else to do than to copy the notes of Mgr. Imbert, a history which was stopped short by the martyrdom of the writer. Conspicuous among the first fruits of the holocaust were the six virgins who followed in life, as in death, the bright choir of Bibiana and Agnes, Barbara and Cecily of the infant Church, following them, too, in their glorious shame, and miraculously shielded, too, as they had been, so that they passed as pure in body as in mind through the hideous ordeal. One of them had lived unscathed, even whilst a Pagan, through the perilous position of a maid of honour in the Palace, where the young King, whose will was law, had been attracted by her beauty. No sooner did the voice of her true Spouse sound in her ear than she at once, though specially favoured by the Queen Mother, and made by her the mistress over the other ladies of the Court, broke through all obstacles and cast aside all state to become an humble and poor Christian virgin.

And in this terrible Passion Play there were, as always, the repulsive Judas and the poor disciples who, in the hour of trial, dared not acknowledge their Lord. The excruciating tortures employed against them make the failure of many less wonderful than the endurance of the few. The mere pronouncing of a formula, literally crushed out of them under a rain of blows which sent the blood and skin of the victims flying about the Court, was sufficient to satisfy the judges, whose prisons were already overstocked; and numbers who failed in the first trial died gloriously afterwards for the faith, or returned crownless and humbled, to seek as penitents re-admission into the fold. We know that the history of persecution always furnishes us with like proofs of the terrible cogency of intense physical pain, when a miraculous grace, the martyr's heroism, is not present to bear up against it. One, who himself had feigned apostacy in former years, apparently in good faith to shield his family, had devoted himself to save the bishop, whose presence in the country had been made known by the discovery of the episcopal robes, and had been confirmed by the statement of traitors. Andrew Son, who was a man of property, bought a little village on the sea coast at some distance from Seoul, which, after a

² Translated by the Fathers of the London Oratory. London: Richardson and Son, 1859.

long search, seemed perfectly to answer all the purposes of concealment. The houses lay so low that they could not be noticed from the sea, while a very narrow defile was the only communication with the inland. A boat always lay moored to the beach for an emergency. The Judas Kim, who still held his place as a trusted catechist, kept the Government informed of everything. But the hiding-place of the bishop was known only to three; and though the most trusted of his followers, his messenger to Peking and the guardian of his house, were swept into the toils, Mgr. Imbert was able to summon to his side his two faithful priests, that they might strengthen one another for the combats that were so close at hand. The idea of the bishop was that one of them must give up his life for the flock, and that the other two should quit the kingdom. In fact, he wished to send them both away by sea, and meet the danger alone. But apart from the almost certain impossibility of their being able to escape, they would not hear of separating themselves altogether from their pastor. The two returned to their work of danger, journeying here and there, catechizing and instructing their flocks.

Kim left the capital, and spread abroad among the Christians the report that the Court had completely changed its views, and that if the bishop and his priests would but go to the palace, not only would liberty of worship be granted, but the King and his courtiers would embrace the faith. The poor unsuspecting people believed their false brother, and though they could not say where the bishop was, mentioned an Andrew T'sieng as one who probably knew. Good and simple as he was, he was at once caught in the trap, and still more unfortunately, he was actually in the secret, and overjoyed at the intelligence after a little hesitation he led the traitor and his band to the hidden village. He himself went forward to break, as he thought, the good news to Mgr. Imbert. "You have been deceived, my son, by the devil," was the bishop's answer. Flight was impossible. His feast-day, with all its consoling recollections of his patron, the martyr deacon St. Lawrence, was just ending. At dawn on the morrow he said his last Mass, wrote a letter of warning to his priests, and then set out alone to meet his betrayer. Another trait of resemblance to his Divine Lord was that he obtained from his captors that poor Andrew, who wished to follow him, should be allowed to go unhurt.

The bishop was dragged to Seoul, bound by the red cord,

the mark of a State prisoner, and cast into the common gaol. A momentary lull had a short time before seemed to promise the abatement of the storm, and then a fresh turn of the wheel at the Court put the power into the hands of one of the boy-King's uncles, and the tempest broke out more fiercely than before. Execution followed execution, and Mgr. Imbert found himself but one amongst a multitude of confessors of the faith. Neither the frightful torture of bending his legs until the bones nearly snapped, nor the blows of the bastinadoes, could wring from him the place of concealment of the two priests, and he was led back to prison. Meanwhile, they were hidden away safely, but having lost everything, death by starvation seemed to be the alternative of surrender. Their companion, Thomas Ni, one of the ecclesiastical students, determined to brave every danger in order to learn the fate of the bishop. All they could say to dissuade him was fruitless, so they sent with him, as a protector and companion, their trusty servant Peter Tseng. But it chanced that Thomas and Peter met the simple Andrew T'sieng. They would gladly have avoided so dangerous an acquaintance, but he begged so hard to go a few leagues with them, that they at last consented. Andrew stopped at an inn to light his pipe, and fell in with some police officers who recognized him, and measuring rightly his power of gullibility, told him that the Court now only awaited the arrival of the other priests to be converted. They had noticed that he had two companions, and guessing that they were Christians, called them back; but their self-composure saved them for the time, and they went their way, leaving Andrew in the officers' hands. It did not take long to persuade this simple soul of the truth of their assertions, and so fully did he credit them, that he told them that the men whom they had let go were the servants of the priests. The police were soon on the Christians' track, and endeavoured to keep up the mystification when at last they came up to them. Seeing it was their only chance, Thomas and Peter feigned to believe the story of the officers. So they were not bound nor fettered. At the first village they reached Thomas suggested that if they would let him go by himself to some Christians, he might be able to get the information that they required. The guards were suspicious, but at last they consented, and no sooner was he out of sight than he made the best of his way to the priests to warn them of their danger, and they both fled southwards.

After four days' vain expectation the police found they had been duped, and turning on Peter, who had been kept as a hostage, they hung him up to the ceiling of a room, and beat him unmercifully; but not a word did they extract from him. When at last, after hanging twelve hours, he was taken down, he was laid insensible on the ground. Then they led him to the capital, still trying, in spite of what had passed, to carry on the delusion. One of the halls of the prison was made to look as handsome as possible, and there Peter was introduced to the bishop.

Mgr. Imbert at once asked if he knew where the priests were. It must have seemed to the delighted guard that he was playing into their hands. Peter replied that he thought he could find them, and with that the bishop wrote a note and confided it to his care. He went out to gain the information desired, but no Christian would tell him, as they knew who were his companions. At last they let him go alone. He put the letter into trusty hands, and fled to the mountains.

Little did the bearer guess the strange meaning hidden under those foreign words of his missive. They were but few, and in Latin, "*Bonus pastor vitam dat pro ovibus suis*—If you have not started by water, come with the envoy Son-kee-tsong." The envoy was the officer at the head of a body of men who had gone in search of the devoted priests. Abbé Maubant had meanwhile received a note of the same import, and sent it on at once to his companion, M. Chastan, and in ten days, in obedience to their superior, willing victims for their flocks, they were on their way to certain death. The second letter reached them before they had started, and hastened their departure. The motive of this strange command of the bishop was perhaps the sights that he had witnessed in his prison at Seoul. He felt that as long as the Government knew that there were foreign priests in the land, so long would the persecution rage with unabated fury. He felt, and God no doubt directed him in his decision, that it was an extraordinary ill which required an extraordinary remedy, and as the promoter of his cause afterwards argued, he could say like Jonas, "Take me and cast me into the sea," and even extend this to those who were subject to him. But it is unnecessary for us to discuss what a higher tribunal has already judged, for Pius the Ninth has declared Mgr. Imbert and his two companions Venerable. The faithful priests found it easier to obey the summons to martyrdom than to

submit to abandon the country. Before many days they were reunited to their bishop, shared with him his tortures and the squalour of his prison, and then on St. Matthew's day, amidst the grotesque pomp of an execution of the highest grade, by no means so brutal as the punishment of high treason in use of old in England, but perhaps more humiliating, the three fellow-labourers became fellow-martyrs, forfeiting their heads for Jesus Christ.

Three most precious lives had been offered up as a peace offering; but peace did not come, the sword mowed down the very flower of the Church. Every blow was skilfully aimed, for the traitors, just as in our own persecutions, were too well acquainted with the Christians of Corea, and could advise with perfect knowledge as to whom to strike. There had been a real intention on the part of the authorities to end the persecution when the hated foreigners were out of the way. But, horrible to relate, it was the apostate Kim who urged the necessity of ending, once for all, the religion of Christ; and so the hunt for fresh victims and their destruction went on, till at last public opinion, which does not easily make itself heard in a country like Corea, began to speak out plainly against the multiplied executions, and to regard their victims with sympathy and compassion.

The Government was forced in its own vindication to put forth a royal proclamation, which, if it was wanting in reason, made up for the absence of it by the grossest calumnies against the faith. The tradition of falsehood is a familiar weapon against the Church of Christ. The minister then in power urged on the executions so that all might be over before the new year of Corcan style. Many were strangled in prison, and among these it is to be feared there were some who had endeavoured at the cost of their souls to save their lives. At length a triple execution closed the terrible year of 1839. One of the last to die was a catechist, John Ni. He was a young man of noble and Christian parents, who had been left an orphan when but a child, and had found a second mother in a virtuous woman. He had been the constant companion of one of the martyred priests, and during the persecution had been indefatigable in collecting alms and taking the money to the bishop and the clergy in prison. His turn came. Before he died he wrote a letter which is a proof of what stuff these Christians were made. Here are a few extracts from its close.

I have said too much already, but it is my last hour. My heart is impatient, my body agitated. I cannot say all I wish, and what I do say is incorrect and not consecutive.

After all, how many Christians are left? Be careful then always to be watchful; meet together to pray with your whole hearts. If you can obtain from the Holy Ghost the fire of charity, no dangers need affright you. Fear neither dangers nor death; do not let the desire of Jesus to save all men be in vain, and by His aid you can traverse successfully the stormy sea of this life, and bring your boat to the shores of heaven, where we shall enjoy its eternal bliss for endless ages. Imprint deeply in your hearts the Five Wounds of Jesus Christ. Give God love for love, life for life, and even then can you dare to hope that you have fully done your duty? For our Lord has suffered a thousand sorrows and a thousand woes of His own accord, for our sins; how can we ever repay Him for such a favour?

Seventy Christians had been beheaded, some sixty more had perished under the lash, or been strangled in prison, or died there from the effects of their wounds. All Corea had heard the name of Christ, had seen what the love of Him could inspire into the hearts of maidens and children; the official calumnies were vain against such facts. The principal promoter of the persecution, the King's uncle, was forced to kill himself some few years after. The Judas—Kim—after having merited death, was sent into perpetual banishment; and in 1862, having put himself at the head of an insurrection, was seized and executed, and his body cut in pieces and sent round the country as a warning to traitors.

Such were the results of the second general persecution. Corea again was left without a pastor. But not altogether, for while the persecution was raging another volunteer was pressing forward to fill up the gaps in the ranks, and to bring help to the afflicted Church. M. Ferréol, a priest from the Missions Etrangères, traversed China from north to south, under various disguises, and though he did not know a word of the language, reached Mantchuria in perfect safety. But he had to meet with unkindness where he could least have expected it. The district had been transferred by the Holy See from Pekin and from the Portuguese clergy who then served that mission, to the vicariate of Corea and its French missionaries, who encountered, as too often happens in like cases, the fate of being treated as intruders, while they were simply accepting a post of difficulties and hardships at the bidding of the Vicar of Christ. A letter reached M. Ferréol from his

bishop, who by that time had received the martyr's crown. It ordered him to go to a small port within sight of the Corean coast, and thence to effect an entry by water. The hostility of the Tartar Christians unfortunately made the scheme impracticable, and he could do nothing but retire into the interior, with the hope of penetrating by the northern frontier into Corea. The silence that followed, no news arriving, no messengers appearing, filled him with terrible forebodings. At last it was rumoured that a persecution was raging in Corea, and that the silence was the silence of the tomb. Two years passed in fruitless attempts to get more certain information. The smitten flock was reviving from the blow which it had sustained. The greatest care was taken to record the acts of the martyrs, and the collection already alluded to and published in the *New Glories of the Catholic Church*, is the result of their pious labours. But though the brunt of the storm had passed, the succeeding year was not without its harvest of martyrs, few, in comparison with the numbers of 1839-40, but its fruit far purer, because the proportion of those who gave way was far less than before. The decisive action of England against China had for the first time in history broken the spell which surrounded that empire, and proved to its people, or at least to its rulers, that it was neither the strongest nor the wisest nation in the world. This blow to their pride augured well for the progress of Christianity, not only in China itself, but in all the farthest East, nor could its effects be altogether lost on the dependency of Corea. The Government of Louis Philippe hoped to profit by the British successes, and Captain Cécile, of the French frigate the *Érigone*, resolved, among other schemes, to open a path for national trade into Corea. He accordingly asked to be allowed to have the services of one of the Coreans, then studying theology at Macao, and Andrew Kim, one of a glorious family of martyrs, was allotted to him as interpreter. Andrew, besides his native language, knew little else but Latin, and a French priest of the Missions Étrangères, accompanied him, hoping like him to penetrate into the Peninsula. He had been the professor of Kim and Thomas Tsoi, the survivors of the three first who had come from Corea to fit themselves for the priesthood. Thomas was shortly after told off for a similar duty on board the *Favorite*, another French frigate, with orders to make his way, with a French missionary, M. de la Brunière, to M. Ferréol.

The peace, which was concluded between her Majesty's Government and China, at the close of August, 1842, brought the French schemes to a deadlock. But the missionaries and their companions were determined not to turn back, and, accompanied by two other native students, sailed for Leaotong, the port which M. Ferréol had attempted to reach, in a Chinese junk. They landed in broad daylight, and a body of coast-guardsmen and police swooped down upon them at once. The Christians who witnessed the scene were horror-stricken, but Kim, with great presence of mind inveighed against their arrest, declaring they were peaceable people, coming from another part of the coast. A Pagan friend of his, who had no idea that he was defending a party of Christians and foreigners, came to the rescue, and being a gentleman of position in the neighbourhood he actually succeeded in over-persuading the guards, and the whole party was allowed to pass. M. de la Brunière and Thomas pushed forward to M. Ferréol, while M. Maistre and Kim, incited by the news that the three foreigners had been killed in Corea, determined to cross the frontiers. The Vicar Apostolic of Mantchuria would allow the Coreans only to make the too hazardous effort. At the frontier, Kim met the embassy going to Peking, he recognized a Christian, Francis Kim, and learnt from him the whole news, his father's martyrdom, the ruin of his family, the death of so many of his friends, and of the bishop and his two priests. He read the precious documents that the courier carried twisted up in his girdle, Mgr. Imbert's history of the persecution, the letters of the two martyred priests, and another from the native Christians begging that a fresh pastor might be sent to them.

The terrible intelligence only confirmed his courage, and dressed in a beggar's rags he passed through the gate of the frontier town at night-time, amidst a great drove of cattle, and though espied by the light of the torches held by the guards, he contrived to escape. But the mere fact that his wretched stockings happened to be of Chinese make was noticed by the Coreans, and exposed him to be arrested as a thief and vagabond. The money he had concealed on his person would have confirmed the suspicion, and after wandering about in the snow, refused admittance to the inns, his face and hands disfigured and shapeless by the cold, he was forced to return to the hiding-place of M. Maistre. The news from Corea reached M. Ferréol just at the time when the briefs from Rome had

arrived nominating him Coadjutor-Bishop of Corea, with the right of succession. No sooner was he consecrated, than he made another effort, fruitless as before, to enter his vicariate, and had to wait a weary interval before communications could be opened up and arrangements made for a peaceful invasion. Andrew Kim's tact and intrepidity were again called into play. Again, in 1844, the little band arrived at the frontier. All had been skilfully planned, and with the embassy arrived Francis and made his way to the bishop, who was anxiously awaiting him. He came, however, only to give the sad news that entry was impossible. It was only after a most searching examination that the talisman of wood which served as a passport had been granted, and such had been the interrogatories, that most of the Christians who were to have arrived with horses and Corean costumes for the bishop's use were forced to return to their homes. The whole frontier was guarded by troops, and no one could enter who did not show a passport, the seal and signature of the mandarin making a forgery most difficult.

The bishop submitted to the will of God ; but he could not see the Corean embassy pass before him without a deep regret that he was not permitted to enter into its ranks. One consolation however he had ; the dauntless Andrew Kim, now tonsured, broke through all obstacles and crossed the frontier. Mgr. Ferréol retired to Maçao.

In 1845, a strange craft took up its station by the English vessels in the port of Shanghai. It was about twenty-five feet long, nine feet broad, and seven deep. Its timbers were joined together by pegs, not a nail in the whole construction ; its deck consisted of a few loose planks, and the whole appeared as much able to take to sea as would be a decayed and abandoned canal boat. The dress of the crew were as new to the 'blue jackets' as was the cut of the junk. What was the surprise of the British sailors to hear one of these strange sailors shout in French, "We are Coreans, and demand your protection." The law of China condemns any Corean vessel which touches its shore to be at once destroyed. An English officer, Mr. Arthur John Empson, whose name we gladly record, gave them a letter to the British consul, who sent to Maçao to inform Mgr. Ferréol that Andrew Kim and a band of devoted Christians had come to take him to his vicariate. Father Gotteland, of the Society of Jesus, whom the consul had kindly apprized of their arrival, hastened to see the Coreans. He tells in an interesting letter

with what emotion he found himself in the midst of those heroic men, all brothers or children of martyrs, poor farm labourers for the most part, unaccustomed to the sea, who had come in such a crazy vessel to seek the sacraments and light of the Church for themselves and their countrymen.

Their first request, in fact, was to be allowed to go to confession and communion, and in spite of the Father's explaining that his ignorance of the language did not involve the obligation of their confessing by an interpreter, all insisted on making Andrew Kim expound to the full the humble avowal of their faults. So as soon as the young man had made his own confession, he squatted down on his heels by the priest, and one by one the crew knelt by him, pouring out the secrets of six long years, while he interpreted for them. The Mass next morning in the bay of a pagan city, the fervour of the Christians who for such an interval had been prevented from assisting at the Sacred Mysteries, is one of the most touching memories of the Church's annals.

The joy of the Coreans was full when their bishop and a young priest arrived on board. M. Daveluy was to have a large place in the history of the mission. As a boy he had been a cross to his superiors, his strong character and love of adventure often getting him into trouble, but he vigorously subdued all his faults and showed his earnestness by volunteering for the foreign missions. On August 17, a fit reward for his past life, Andrew Kim was ordained priest, and his first Mass said, the junk turned its frail prow towards Corea.

Tugged by a Chinese vessel, after long delays—for Chinese sailors never think of tacking against the wind—they made straight for their destination. A storm came on, the rudder was swept away, the rotten mats which served for sails were torn to pieces, the water burst in on the deck, and just as the bishop and priest were, at the earnest prayers of the crew, preparing to quit the vessel and be hauled up on to the tug, the cable parted, and they were left to be pitched about like a log on the raging waves. In terror the Coreans hacked down the tall masts; they fell alongside, and struck heavily again and again the crazy sides of the junk. But St. Raphael, the patron of the vessel, had spoken for them, and the tempest began to calm. They had no idea whither they had drifted, when Father Andrew spied land, and thought he recognized the islands off the mouth of the river that leads to Seoul. But he was many

hundred miles wrong in his reckoning, and at last, to end so long and dreary a story, they cast anchor on the coast of the south of Corea, and discovered, without being observed, a village of Christians.

Disguised as a nobleman in mourning, with the bee-hive hat coming down to his shoulders, the large fan held before his face, in a coarse dress of unbleached canvas, such as we use to wrap up bales of goods, the second Bishop of Corea made his entry, the apostle of life, into a land of death.

There everything was in a state of terrible confusion—the Christians dispersed and impoverished, ignorant themselves, their children were altogether uninstructed, for fear they should unwittingly betray their parents. They wanted everything but a good will; and that was so strong and thorough that it consoled the missionaries in the midst of all their difficulties. The faithful would travel for days through the snow to see them, though they fell fainting at their feet, and though almost starving themselves, would always bring some offering to their pastors. Constantly travelling, ever working beyond their strength, the missionaries awaited anxiously the arrival of M. Maistre. His last attempt had ended in his arrest and his being sent back by the Chinese authorities. Father Kim took a vessel to endeavour to introduce him by sea, and gained his end—not the end which he intended, but the crown of martyrdom.

His ship was boarded by Corean police, and he was dragged off to Seoul to die as did the Venerable Bishop Imbert, and to go and join the many members of his family who had already gained the martyr's crown. It was a terrible loss, if measured by human thoughts, to the Church of Corea. Eight other martyrs followed him shortly after. One of them was the father of one of Andrew Kim's companions. He had long been a Christian by conviction, and had rendered the faithful great services by enrolling himself among the police during the persecution. In endeavouring to see his boy in prison, he was arrested and cast into the same cell as Father Andrew. He profited by the opportunity to be baptized. He was tempted like St. Perpetua: his sons were brought to him, and he was asked to spare them the agony his death would cause them; but neither this, nor cruel scourging, nor suspension by the feet, could shake the neophyte's constancy. Then his legs were broken, and as the torture wrung from him a cry of agony, the

judge said: "If you scream again, I shall take it as an avowal of apostacy." Was it God's mercy, or the martyr's heroism?—he lost his speech, and was flung into prison, and at last, after fresh tortures, secretly strangled.

Again another courageous priest stepped in to take the place of the martyr Father Andrew. This was his old companion, Thomas T'soi. Two French vessels had been stranded in Corean waters, and Thomas had come with them as interpreter. In spite of his long sojourn on the island on which the crews landed, he never could succeed in gaining the mainland, and had to return to China. Again he sailed from Maçao, again to be forced to return; till at length, by a foolhardy effort, he passed the frontier at dead of night, when the intense cold had made the sentries leave their posts. He reached Seoul only to find Mgr. Ferréol ill with fever, and M. Daveluy at the last extremity.

The priest recovered, and things really began to look bright once more. There were over eleven thousand Christians. The influence of France seemed likely to be exerted in the cause of religious liberty, and careful organization had been adopted which promised that the lives of the faithful should no longer be left at the mercy of any informer. After another disappointment, when M. Maistre arrived off Corea in a launch and was forced to return as he came, P. Hélot, a Jesuit Father, offered to turn captain, to cross the sea, and land him on the coast. Armed with a document given him by the French Consul of Shanghai, which raised him for the nonce to the position of French Commandant and French Commissioner to inquire into the stores left by the wrecked crews on the island mentioned above, the Father set sail in a small junk, braved the dangers of the deep, and, by dint of coolness and courage, kept the Corean authorities at arm's length, while he sent M. Maistre ashore, and returned triumphantly to Shanghai.

Ten years had M. Maistre been striving to enter, and now he reached Seoul to find his beloved bishop lying hopelessly ill. Mgr. Ferréol would not allow either him or his brother priests to remain with him and neglect their flocks, and so, like St. Francis Xavier, the good pastor died without one of his clergy by his side. He found a glorious resting-place by the tomb of his martyred friend, the heroic Andrew Kim. This was in 1853.

Corea had yet to be the scene of many triumphs and many sorrows, which need a separate chapter to recount.

F. G.

Mr. Tennyson's *Queen Mary*.

MR. TENNYSON has at last, and we may hope, finally, broken with the Arthurian cycle of legend. Charming as his later *Idylls* have been, his admirers were, we think, beginning to feel anxious lest he should be tempted by the easy popularity which was at his command to play too long upon the same string. The work which now lies before us is, we may trust, the earnest that he has turned

To fresh fields and pastures new,

—and we cannot feel sorry that so it is. The poems which he has consecrated to our early national legend will live among the chief treasures of English song. We have no fear at all that the renown of their author will prove partial and transitory. And a considerable part of the well merited success of the *Idylls* is, no doubt, owing to the manner in which Mr. Tennyson has contrived to make the stories of Arthur and Lancelot, Guinevere and Galahad, bear witness to higher truths and a deeper philosophy than any that lay on the surface of the old romances. He has not only clothed the details in all the gorgeous colours of poetry, and created characters where before there were little more than names. He has at least endeavoured to make the *Idylls* as a whole represent the struggle between good and bad, soul and matter, and there can be no doubt at all on which side he wishes to interest the sympathies of his readers. We may be inclined to lament that so much beautiful painting should have been lavished on what the author himself does not admire, and that to nine-tenths of the world the lesson which Mr. Tennyson has meant to convey should be altogether lost in the pleasure which the least unsensuous parts of his picture will excite. For this, as well as for the other reason already hinted at, we are among those who rejoice at the intimation now given us that Mr. Tennyson has done with the line of poetry in which he has hitherto gained his most conspicuous successes.

It is not often, perhaps, that a poet who has been so deservedly distinguished in a kind like that of which we have been speaking, has leisure and length of days permitted to him to achieve new victories in another field. Nor is it as yet time to pronounce how far Mr. Tennyson has actually succeeded in his present attempt. Dramatic poetry contains many elements, none of which can be altogether wanting in one who may aim at being, in the nineteenth century, the successor of Shakspeare in that heroic history of England which is contained in the series of plays which begin with King John and end with King Henry the Eighth. Whether this is the aim which has been consciously before the mind of Mr. Tennyson is more than we have a right to say. His selecting the reign of Queen Mary as his starting-point may be considered as a sufficient authorization for the enthusiasts who are crediting him with a number of future works at least as long as the Shaksperian chain to which we have alluded. We repeat, that Mr. Tennyson's play must be looked at a little longer before a decisive verdict can be pronounced as to its entire success. That it is worthy of him, few will question who have read it even once. That it marks an advance in his fame, will be an opinion to which a great number will at once incline. That it may take its place by the side of *Henry the Eighth*, as not inferior to that great drama, has already been declared by more than one critic of eminence. For our own part, and looking upon the drama, as far as possible, in a simply literary point of view, we can see no reason why the very highest of these estimates of the work should not turn out to be true, when time has sufficiently tested the work by the many proofs which it is impossible to apply within a few weeks of its publication.

It is, as we have already hinted, very difficult indeed to deal with the drama before us on purely literary grounds. If Mr. Tennyson has taken up the old cycle of *Ædipus*, of the *Epigoni*, or of the fated house of *Atreus*, it would not be difficult to examine with the most colourless of spectacles and in the most perfect balance of feeling, what he had made of *Creon*, or *Antigone*, or *Ædipus*, or *Agamemnon*, or *Orestes*. But in dealing with the characters of English history, and especially the English history of the Reformation period, he must expect to be exposed to the lot of one who has trod on dangerous ground. These are

Arma

Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus :

Periculosæ plenum opus alæ

Tractas, et incedis per ignes

Suppositos cineri doloso.

No one can for a moment question the very great dramatic interest, both of the times and of the character of Mary Tudor. Her many years of forced obscurity and disgrace, her sudden elevation, the romantic incidents which beset the opening of her reign, the dangers which she overcame, the difficult position in which she found herself when in safe possession of the crown, then her marriage and its disappointments, with her political calamities and her early death, all make up a history in which a dramatist might well delight. The Queen herself, as far as we know her, was a strong fine character, perhaps stunted and even soured by the sufferings of a whole life, but the most religious of the Tudors, though still a Tudor in her religion, capable of much softness and deep affection at the very time that she was stern and imperious in matters of right and of faith, one who fell upon evil days and was surrounded by men not many of whom were any better than their days, one who was called too late to a noble task for which she did not live long enough, for which perhaps she had not wisdom and gentleness enough, one who, if the common estimate of her story be true, met with scanty love from those who were the most bound to love her, one who died without the affection of her husband and her sister to cheer her, unfortunate as a queen, unfortunate in her attempt to serve the Church, unfortunate in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her confidence and her heart. Such, under any aspect of the events with which her name is connected, must be the outlines of the picture of Mary Tudor, the child of a mother in whose character and misfortunes Shakspere recognized a claim on his admiration and sympathy, which he could not deny even under the reign of the daughter of Anne Boleyn, the child of a father who treated her brutally, the sister of a king and a princess who gave her no love, the wife of a husband who neglected and abandoned her. To Catholics, Mary Tudor possesses an interest of another kind—but we are for the moment speaking of her only as she must appear to the dramatist.

If the character of the Queen has so many points on which such a writer may well fasten as furnishing admirable oppor-

tunities for the display of some of the most refined qualities of his art, the times of Mary Tudor are still more interesting than her character. Her reign was, in truth, the turning-point of English history. Even at the moment of her death, it might still seem altogether improbable that the new order of things would last. It was the lot of more than one successive generation of Catholics in this country to have always ground for hopes which seemed reasonable and which were yet doomed to disappointment. On the other hand, the partisans of the Reformation were for a long time most insecure, both on account of the unpopularity of their doctrines with a large party in the country, and of the continual uncertainty whether the crown would not once again settle on the head of a Catholic. Even after the long reign of Elizabeth, the uncertainty continued, justifying, as it may seem, the hopes entertained on the one side, and partially accounting for the barbarous severities in which the other side indulged. But, although the fate of England and her religion hung for so long a time in the balance, it is now easy to see that the issue was in truth determined in the reign of Queen Mary. Never, after that, had the Catholics a chance. It must always remain a question whether a different policy on the part of the Queen and her advisers could have turned the tide; but it can hardly be questioned that her early death destroyed the last hope of the success of that or of any other policy of a Catholic tendency. When the Queen and Cardinal Pole died, almost at the same moment, the field was left open to Elizabeth and her counselors. They were all pledged to the extirpation of Catholicism, not only by their own antecedents, but by their interests and the political circumstances of the time.

These considerations are enough to show that, as long as there is any interest in religious questions in England, the times of Queen Mary must be a dangerous field for the dramatist. The failure of the Queen, however it is to be accounted for, to leave behind her a firmly established and durable Catholic reaction, has ruled the ecclesiastical and religious history of the country ever since. Things are as they are very mainly on account of that failure. The times have changed in almost every other particular. The social and political condition of the country is entirely different: the power of the crown, the position of the aristocracy, the relative importance of the Houses of Parliament, of the commercial and middle classes in relation

to the owners of land and the descendants of ancient names—all these and a thousand other elements are altogether changed. But the religious differences continue. The principle of authority, the claims of Catholic unity and of the Holy See which Providence has made the centre and spring of that unity, are still in conflict with the supposed right of private judgment, or, as it would have been put by the Protestants of that time in England, the nationality of the Church under the visible Headship of the sovereign. Protestants and Catholics still feel about the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth as Frenchmen and Germans feel about the campaign of Sedan and the siege of Paris. The watchwords which were then in use have not yet lost their power, and the characters of the chief actors on one side and the other cannot even yet be discussed without passion. It is true that the poet's calling elevates him above prejudices and animosities. The higher he rises in his own confraternity, the more impartial will he be, as we see, indeed, in Shakspeare himself, who has managed to write Cranmer's prophecy about Queen Elizabeth with hardly a word of bigotry. But, strange as it seems to say it, Shakspeare's impartiality or indifference to religious feuds was perhaps the reflection of a feeling more common among men of his class in the days in which he wrote than in our own. At all events, if Mr. Tennyson could write about Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth with the lofty impartiality with which Shakspeare might have treated the reigns of the two sisters, it does not follow that his audience would allow him to be as fair as he desired to be, or see true fairness in what he considered to be such.

We can hardly doubt that many parts of Mr. Tennyson's new poem will be used on the Protestant side to fan the flames of anti-Catholic bigotry. It is, indeed, remarkable how the religious question is never allowed to sleep in England. A year ago, no one, save perhaps his own personal friends, would have predicted of Mr. Gladstone that he would, in the course of a few months, launch out in the disgraceful series of attempts to set Englishmen by the ears of which he has since that time been guilty. It seems to be the Providence of God that Catholics should always be on their defence in this country, and it must always be for them a matter of gratitude that a statesman who has once been trusted with the helm of the Empire should reveal the hatred against the truth with which his heart is consumed at a time when he can do so little mischief to any one

but himself by the revelation. Mr. Gladstone's explosion has come and gone, and the air must be allowed to be wonderfully calm and clean after all, considering the large amount of poisonous and rancorous matter which has been discharged into it. The politician has had his day, and now, as some will think, comes the turn of the poet. Mr. Tennyson is a great Englishman, in almost the best sense of the word, and it would have been difficult indeed for him to deliver himself upon so dangerous a subject as the reign of Mary Tudor without showing that he has much in common with feelings and traditions which are the heritage of most Englishmen, even though he may rise far above the prejudices of the vulgar herd, and may disdain to appeal to passions with which he does not sympathize. As Catholics, we must be prepared to find him English in the common sense of the term, and, far more, we must be prepared to find that others will make capital out of his tragedy against us. What would be really unfair, and, so far, below the level of true poetry, would be any perversion of history or character in the direction of a false representation of Catholic things or persons, any such elaborate pandering to the passions of Protestantism as that of which Mr. Gladstone has been so conspicuously, so unpardonably, and so persistently guilty. We shall endeavour to estimate Mr. Tennyson's poem on its own proper ground, without forgetting that he must have been quite as aware of the prejudices of the audience to which he is addressing himself as Mr. Gladstone was. He would probably agree with us in saying that it would be as great a fault in a poet as in a politician deliberately to appeal to such prejudices for the sake of a moment of passing popularity.

The drama of *Queen Mary* has evidently been constructed with that great care which seems to mark all Mr. Tennyson's productions. The five acts represent five well marked stages in the unfolding of the history. In the first act Mary has reached the throne, the short-lived attempt made in the name of Lady Jane Grey having been defeated by the universal feeling in favour of the daughter of Henry the Eighth. Elizabeth is with her, not determinedly hostile. The Queen inclines towards mercy in the case of Lady Jane. Noailles, the French Ambassador, is sowing the seeds of discord and treason, and the plot which afterwards came to a head in Wyatt's rebellion is being formed. Mr. Tennyson brings in Courtenay—"the prince of fluff and feather," as Lord Howard calls him—and takes

considerable pains in painting that empty butterfly. But he does not represent him as wooing Mary, or as being loved by her. The people wish her to marry him, and are averse to the Spanish match, but Courtenay himself seems, if he really loves either sister, to wish for the hand of Elizabeth, whom he tries to induce to join the plot against Mary. Mary is already bent on the marriage with Philip, against which Gardiner in vain argues with her. She is deeply in love with Philip, though she has never seen him, and the act ends with her acceptance of his addresses with the advice of her Council. It contains a scene in which Cranmer refuses to follow the advice of Peter Martyr, to fly, like other Protestant prelates, to the Continent.

The second act is entirely occupied with Wyatt's rebellion. The first scene gives us Sir Thomas Wyatt in his home at Alington, engaged in collecting and setting in order his father's sonnets, and dragged out against his will to head the rising of the men of Kent. Sir Peter Carew, another conspirator, has fled, the Duke of Suffolk has been taken, and the only chance for the confederates lies in immediate action, the Queen's forces being weak, and Courtenay with her, ready to betray her. Mary comes to the Guildhall and harangues the citizens. Sir Thomas White, the Lord Mayor, moves them in her favour, and although the insurgent forces are joined by some of those sent against them, London is saved by Howard, Pembroke, and the citizens. Wyatt has to march round by Kingston in order to get across the Thames, and after partial successes which seem to endanger the Queen's own person, he is forcibly put down and secured. The victory is made use of by the Spanish Ambassador, Renard, to persuade Mary to consent to the execution of Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley, while Elizabeth herself is sent to the Tower, as well as Courtenay. Philip's will is already law to Mary, and she even promises Renard that Elizabeth should die.

The third act leads the story on with great rapidity. The first scene is the procession of Mary and Philip through the City after their marriage. Gardiner displays his intemperate arrogance in his treatment of the crowd, and Sir Ralph Bagenhall acts the part of the "Messenger" in the Greek tragedies by relating to Sir Thomas Stafford, first the marriage ceremony at Winchester, then, as a striking contrast, the execution of Lady Jane Grey. The next scene gives us the arrival of Cardinal Pole as Legate from the Pope, and, at

the same time, Mary's first illusive hope that she was about to become a mother. The "reconciliation" of the kingdom to the Church follows, and then there is a long scene in the Council, in which Gardiner insults Pole, who maintains the policy of gentleness and tolerance in dealing with heretics. The same act contains a scene at Woodstock, in which Elizabeth is brought in in her retirement, broken by a message from the Queen, announcing to her Philip's desire that she should accept the hand of Philibert of Savoy. The last scene of this act reveals Philip's indifference to his wife, and his determination to leave her on account of the many grave matters connected with the resignation of Charles the Fifth.

The fourth act of Mr. Tennyson's drama is mainly devoted to Cranmer, whose execution is thus made the dramatic forerunner of the catastrophe of the play, the Queen's own death. The plan of the act is very simple. In the first scene Mary sternly refuses the entreaties made to her by Howard, Thirlby, and others, to spare the life of the now degraded prisoner. In the second scene Cranmer is in prison, arranging with Bonner and others for the scene in which he is to recant his Protestantism in St. Mary's Church at Oxford. The last scene is in the church itself, where Cranmer recants his recantation and is led away to the stake: a description of his death being supplied by a "gentleman" of Lord Howard's, who relates it to Howard and Paget.

In the last act one gloom after another settles upon the Queen's head. In the first scene we have a threat about the danger of Calais; and then Philip comes in and bullies the Queen about war with France, and the declaration of Elizabeth as her heir, at the same time insisting on leaving her. A dialogue between him and Count Feria shows that he is already meditating the possibility of marrying Elizabeth after her sister's death. In the second scene we have Pole fallen into disgrace with the Pope, to whom he has been accused of leaning to heresy, and then Heath comes in and announces to Mary the fall of Calais. Feria comes in as a messenger from Philip, but he brings no letter: he is, in truth, sent to Elizabeth to sound her as to Philip's desires. His interview with the Princess forms the third scene, at the end of which she sets off to visit her sister on her death-bed, and the last scene ends with the announcement of the Queen's death and the homage paid by Cecil and others to Elizabeth.

No one will deny, even after a single reading of the drama before us, that it contains many fine scenes and some characters finely drawn. The most elaborate sketch of all is, of course, Queen Mary herself, her passion for Philip, blended with her Tudor sternness of character, her suspiciousness, caused by a life almost entirely spent under persecution and proscription, and, last but not least, her strong devotion to the cause of the Church, are the dominant lines in the picture, on the general effect of which her natural goodness and kindliness, her high principle and integrity on matters in which her own interests were concerned, have not all the influence, under Mr. Tennyson's hands, which, we think, an impartial historian would give them. Mr. Tennyson has softened the portrait of the inexorable and pitiless bigot, as Mary is commonly represented to English readers, by some lines of the woman who begins in courage and manliness, and is then disappointed in her love and spurned by the husband to whom she has sacrificed the love of her people, the peace of her kingdom, and her own happiness. He has made Mary interesting, and won for her a certain amount of sympathy. It is right that we should recognize and acknowledge this, for it will be a cause of some dissatisfaction to many more bigoted Protestants who will be content with no picture of Mary but such as makes her intolerably repulsive, capable of every vice and every crime. Mr. Tennyson will lose his character as a true Protestant for this, though he has but followed in the wake of a writer whose hatred of Catholicism and of Catholic personages in history is so notorious as Mr. Froude. We fear that with both of these writers Mary is excused, as far as she is excused, by the simple process of throwing the blame on her religion. Still it is something to have the most popular poet of the day venturing to paint Mary not quite so blackly as Hume paints her.

It must be added that Mr. Tennyson throws the weight of the catastrophe which sinks Mary in an untimely grave upon her woman's heart. We have thus an historical drama made to turn upon the same point, so to speak, as an ordinary play. The interest of which Mary is the centre is the interest felt for a woman who, however stern by nature and driven back upon herself by the sorrows of her early years, is yet able to love passionately and to be done to death by disappointment and neglect. We see no reason why this should be objected to on principle in a drama founded on history any more than in

any other. But Mr. Tennyson seems to hesitate as to making Mary the simple instrument of Philip and her Council, as if he was still bound to make her worthy of the name by which she has become known in English history. The scene in which she refuses to pardon Cranmer after his recantation represents her as inflexible and hard on her own account. She is painted as if she had a tender and forgiving heart for all but heretics. It may be that this delineation is artistic, and that it does not even leave historical truth more entirely aside than would be allowable, under ordinary circumstances, in a dramatist. But we think it would not have been less artistic, and it would certainly have been more true, if Mr. Tennyson had taken more into account the bodily sufferings and weakness under which Mary laboured almost incessantly during the latter half of her reign, when she very seldom appeared in public, or even at the Council Board. We are told by her last biographer that in the very year of Cranmer's execution "her sole amusement was walking, plainly dressed, with her ladies, and entering the cottages of the poor" (near Croydon) "and, unknown to them, relieving their wants. She likewise chose those of their children that seemed promising for the benefits of education. This account agrees with her extreme love of children, and the numerous godchildren and infant *protégés* on whom she lavished a great part of her narrow income in her youth."¹ In truth, as Mr. Tennyson has not confined himself to the external actions of the Queen, but has made his drama turn upon her character, we have a right to claim that he should make his portrait perfect. And it is certain that the play would have gained much by the addition of some more softening lines.

It is only fair to let Mr. Tennyson speak for himself by means of a few extracts. Here are two scenes, one from the first and another from the last act, which are indeed the first and last in which the Queen is brought in. In the first act she has just been told of the irreverence shown by Lady Jane Grey to the Blessed Sacrament at New Hall.

Mary.

Monstrous ! blasphemous !

She ought to burn. Hence, thou (*Exit ALICE*). No—being traitor

Her head will fall : shall it ? she is but a child.

We do not kill the child for doing that

His father whipt him into doing—a head

¹ Strickland. *Lives of the Queens*, iii., p. 562.

So full of grace and beauty ! would that mine
 Were half as gracious ! O, my lord to be,
 My love, for thy sake only.
 I am eleven years older than he is.
 But will he care for that ?
 No, by the holy Virgin, being noble,
 But love me only : then the bastard sprout,
 My sister, is far fairer than myself.
 Will he be drawn to her ?
 No, being of the true faith with myself.
 Paget is for him—for to wed with Spain
 Would treble England—Gardiner is against him ;
 The Council, people, Parliament against him ;
 But I will have him ! My hard father hated me ;
 My brother rather hated me than loved ;
 My sister cowers and hates me. Holy Virgin,
 Plead with thy blessed Son ; grant me my prayer ;
 Give me my Philip ; and we two will lead
 The living waters of the Faith again
 Back thro' their widow'd channel here, and watch
 The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of old,
 To heaven, and kindled with the palms of Christ !

Enter USHER.

Who waits, sir ?

Madam, the Lord Chancellor.

Usher.

Mary.

Bid him come in. (*Enter GARDINER.*) Good morning, my good

Lord.

[*Exit USHER.*]

Gardiner. That every morning of your Majesty

May be most good, is every morning's prayer

Of your most loyal subject, Stephen Gardiner.

Mary.

Come you to tell me this, my Lord ?

Gardiner.

And more.

Your people have begun to learn your worth.

Your pious wish to pay King Edward's debts,

Your lavish household curb'd, and the remission

Of half that subsidy levied on the people,

Make all tongues praise and all hearts beat for you.

I'd have you yet more loved : the realm is poor,

The exchequer at neap-ebb : we might withdraw

Part of our garrison at Calais.

Mary.

Calais !

Our one point on the main, the gate of France !

I am Queen of England ; take mine eyes, mine heart,

But do not lose me Calais.

Gardiner.

Do not fear it.

Of that hereafter. I say your grace is loved.

That I may keep you thus, who am your friend

And ever faithful counsellor, might I speak ?

Mary.

I can forespeak your speaking. Would I marry

Prince Philip, if all England hate him ? That is

Your question, and I front it with another :

Is it England, or a party ? Now, your answer.

If Mary was, as all accounts agree in representing her, a thorough Tudor, with the highest notions of her prerogative, she could have hardly laid herself open to the argument that it was all England that opposed the match. She would not have swerved, and did not swerve, for the whole nation.

Gardiner. My answer is, I wear beneath my dress
A shirt of mail : my house hath been assaulted,
And when I walk abroad, the populace,
With fingers pointed like so many daggers,
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and Philip ;
And when I sleep, a hundred men-at arms
Guard my poor dreams for England. Men would murder me,
Because they think me favourer of this marriage.

Mary. And that were hard upon you, my Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner. But our young Earl of Devon—

Mary. Earl of Devon ?

I freed him from the Tower, placed him at Court ;
I made him Earl of Devon, and—the fool—
He wrecks his health and wealth on courtesans,
And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.

Gardiner. More like a school-boy that hath broken bounds,
Sickening himself with sweets.

Mary. I will not hear of him.

Good, then, they will revolt : but I am Tudor,
And shall control them.

Gardiner. I will help you, Madam,
Even to the utmost. All the church is grateful.
You have ousted the mock priest, repulpited
The shepherd of St. Peter, raised the rood again,
And brought us back the mass. I am all thanks
To God and to your Grace : yet I know well,
Your people, and I go with them so far,
Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here to play
The tyrant, or in commonwealth or church.

MARY (*showing the picture*).

Is this the face of one who plays the truant ?
Peruse it ; is it not goodly, ay, and gentle ?

Gardiner. Madam, methinks a cold face and a haughty.
And when your Highness talks of Courtenay—
Ay, true—a goodly one. I would his life
Were half as goodly (*aside*).

Mary. What is that you mutter ?

Gardiner. Oh, Madam, take it bluntly ; marry Philip,
And be step-mother of a score of sons !
The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha !
For Philip—

Mary. You offend us ; you may leave us.
You see thro' warping glasses.

Gardiner. If your Majesty—

Mary. I have sworn upon the body and blood of Christ
I'll none but Philip.

Gardiner. Hath your Grace so sworn ?
Mary. Ay, Simon Renard knows it.
Gardiner. News to me !
 It then remains for your poor Gardiner,
 So you still care to trust him somewhat less
 Than Simon Renard, to compose the event
 In some such form as least may harm your Grace.

In the other scene Mary has just heard from Sir Nicholas Heath of the loss of Calais.

Mary. Send out ; I am too weak to stir abroad :
 Tell my mind to the Council—to the Parliament :
 Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself
 To babble of their coldness. O would I were
 My father for an hour ! Away now—quick !

[*Exit* HEATH.

I hoped I had served God with all my might !
 It seems I have not. Ah ! much heresy
 Shelter'd in Calais. Saints, I have rebuilt
 Your shrines, set up your broken images ;
 Be comfortable to me. Suffer not
 That my brief reign in England be defamed
 Thro' all her angry chronicles hereafter
 By loss of Calais. Grant me Calais. Philip,
 We have made war upon the Holy Father
 All for your sake : what good come of that ?

Lady Clarence. No, Madam, not against the Holy Father ;
 You did but help King Philip's war with France.
 Your troops were never down in Italy.

Mary. I am a byword. Heretic and rebel
 Point at me and make merry. Philip gone !
 And Calais gone ! Time that I were gone too !

Lady Clarence. Nay, if the fetid gutter had a voice
 And cried I was not clean, what should I care ?
 Or you, for heretic cries ? And I believe,
 Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicholas,
 Your England is as loyal as myself.

MARY (*seeing the paper dropt by* POLE).
 There, there ! another paper ! Said you not
 Many of these were loyal ? Shall I try
 If this be one of such ?

Lady Clarence. Let it be, let it be.
 God pardon me ! I have never yet found one. [*Aside.*

MARY (*reads*) "Your people hate you as your husband hates you."
 Clarence, Clarence, what have I done ? what sin
 Beyond all grace, all pardon ? Mother of God,
 Thou knowest never woman meant so well,
 And fared so ill in this disastrous world.
 My people hate me and desire my death.

Lady Clarence. No, Madam, no.

Mary. My husband hates me, and desires my death.

Lady Clarence. No Madam ; these are libels.

Mary. I hate myself, and I desire my death.

Lady Clarence. Long live your Majesty ! Shall Alice sing you
One of her pleasant songs ? Alice, my child,
Bring us your lute (*ALICE goes*). They say the gloom of
Saul
Was lighten'd by young David's harp.

Mary. Too young !
And never knew a Philip (*re-enter ALICE*). Give me the
lute.

He hates me !
(*She sings.*)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing !
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing :
Low, my lute ; speak low, my lute, but say the world is
nothing—

Low, lute, low !
Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken ;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken ;
Low, my lute ! oh low, my lute ! we fade and are for-
saken—

Low, dear lute, low !

Take it away ! not low enough for me !
Your Grace hath a low voice.

Alice.
Mary.

How dare you say it ?
Even for that he hates me. A low voice
Lost in a wilderness where none can hear !
A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea !
A low voice from the dust and from the grave (*sitting on
the ground.*)

Alice.

There, am I low enough now ?
Good Lord ! how grim and ghastly looks her Grace,
With both her knees drawn upward to her chin.
There was an old-world tomb beside my father's,
And this was open'd, and the dead were found
Sitting, and in this fashion ; she looks a corpse.

Mr. Tennyson seems to have taken more pains with the character of Gardiner—the unpapal Catholic, if we may use so unsavoury an expression—than with most of his secondary characters, though we believe that there is not one which has not been carefully studied. He makes him responsible for many or most of the severities adopted towards heretics, at least responsible after Philip himself. In this he is probably right, though we take the truth to have been that the idea that persecution to death was wrong or, indeed, that it was safe for the side in power not to persecute, was an idea foreign to the minds of most men in the days of Queen Mary. Here is a

picture of Gardiner, who has just quarreled with Pole on the question of gentleness.

Gardiner. Pole has the Plantagenet face,
But not the force made them our mightiest kings.
Fine eyes—but melancholy, irresolute—
A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard.
But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha?

Bonner. Well, a weak mouth, perchance.

Gardiner. And not like thine

To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw.

Bonner. I'll do my best, my Lord; but yet the Legate
Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,
And if he go not with you—

Gardiner. Tut, Master Bishop,

Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how he flush'd?
Touch him upon his old heretical talk,
He'll burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy.
And let him call me truckler. In those times,
Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck, or die;
I kept my head for use of Holy Church;
And see you, we shall have to dodge again,
And let the Pope trample our rights, and plunge
His foreign fist into our island Church
To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.
For a time, for a time.

Why? that these statutes may be put in force,
And that His fan may thoroughly purge his floor.

Bonner. So then you hold the Pope—

Gardiner. I hold the Pope!

What do I hold him? what do I hold the Pope?
Come, come, the morsel stuck—this Cardinal's fault—
I have gulpt it down. I am wholly for the Pope,
Utterly and altogether for the Pope,
The eternal Peter of the changeless chair,
Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king of kings,
God upon earth! what more? what would you have?
Hence, let's be gone.

Enter USHER.

Usher.

Well that you be not gone,

My Lord. The Queen, most wroth at first with you,
Is now content to grant you full forgiveness,
So that you crave full pardon of the Legate.
I am sent to fetch you.

Gardiner. Doth Pole yield, sir, ha!

Did you hear 'em? were you by?

Usher.

I cannot tell you,

His bearing is so courtly-delicate;
And yet methinks he falters: their two Graces
Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin him,
So press on him the duty which as Legate
He owes himself, and with such royal smiles—

Gardiner. Smiles that burn men. Bonner, it will be carried.
 He falters, ha ! 'fore God we change and change ;
 Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell you,
 At three-score years ; then if we change at all
 We needs must do it quickly ; it is an age
 Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience,
 As I have shown to-day. I am sorry for it
 If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend Cranmer,
 Your more especial love, hath turn'd so often,
 He knows not where he stands, which, if this pass,
 We two shall have to teach him ; let 'em look to it,
 Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,
 Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come.
 Their hour is hard at hand, their "dies Irae,"
 Their "dies illa," which will test their sect.
 I feel it but a duty—you will find in it
 Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner,—
 To test their sect. Sir, I attend the Queen
 To crave most humble pardon—of her most
 Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

The foil, as it were, to Gardiner's coarseness and want of principle is probably meant to be the picture of Cranmer. In this respect, we fear, Mr. Tennyson must bear the somewhat dubious compliment of having endeavoured to rehabilitate one of the most worthless names in English history in the interests of Protestantism. Among the passages out of the play which will be learnt by heart in schools and which will be most applauded in the theatres will be the speech of Cranmer in St. Mary's and the description of his death by Peters. Yet surely there is a meanness about Cranmer's whole career which ought to shut him out from sympathy, or rather which ought to prevent his being made the figure around whom sympathy is purposely gathered in an historical drama. Lady Jane Grey, whom Mary gave up with undoubted unwillingness, is a far more natural contrast to the figure of Mary or her persecuting advisers. A poet, whose name will not stand so high as Mr. Tennyson's in the opinion of posterity, but who has yet left behind him much that deserves to live, has made this same story of Queen Mary the subject of a very carefully finished drama in two parts, which may be very usefully compared with the work before us as to its treatment of the historical materials on which both authors have worked. The late Sir Aubrey de Vere, in his *Mary Tudor*, has made the sacrifice, as it may be called, of Lady Jane Grey—whose life was undoubtedly forfeit—the turning point in the history of the Queen. One of Queen

Mary's biographers has mentioned, if we remember rightly, that she was haunted with the idea that the connection with Spain which had been sealed by her mother's marriage was under the curse of an evil omen, inasmuch as Ferdinand had insisted on the execution of the Earl of Warwick—whose guilt lay simply in the fact that he had in him the Plantagenet blood—as a condition to be fulfilled before he would send his daughter to England. The execution of Lady Jane Grey was far more necessary and far more justifiable, as she had really assumed the crown, however unwillingly, but it had some resemblance to the legal murder of Warwick. The working out of a Nemesis of this kind is the very province of tragedy.

The specimen which we have given in one of our quotations will be enough to prove that Mr. Tennyson has shown in his present work the great lyrical power for which he is famous. There is another power which is almost necessary in a great dramatist, and in which he is necessarily at a great disadvantage in a work which will suggest a comparison between him and Shakspeare. We mean the power of humour. It is evident that he is fully aware of the importance of this element in dramatic composition, but we can hardly say that he has succeeded. "Old Nokes," who comes in in the opening scene, and the old country wives from Islip who speculate on the burning of Cranmer, are not equal to the rest of the play, though, in the latter case, the author has all the advantage of the great contrast between the two dames and the speakers who immediately precede and follow them.

On the whole, we have to thank Mr. Tennyson for adding to our store of dramatic poetry a work in which so many of his well-known excellences are combined with the play of new powers which he has hitherto had but little opportunity to use. It cannot be denied that the drama before us is rather for the closet than the stage, though we do not expect that when it comes to be acted it will be found deficient in action. But it will owe its success as an acting drama, if it is to have such success, rather to the fame of its author and to the passions which are sure to gather around every popular exposition of its subject, than to its intrinsic qualities as a work of art. The texture is too fine for the appreciation of a common audience, such as English audiences in theatres now are. On the other hand, the popular mind will certainly give Mr. Tennyson credit for more sympathy with its own prejudices than he is really

guilty of, and on this account we cannot affect to deny that the drama of *Queen Mary* will do harm. It is a harm, however, to which we are pretty well accustomed and hardened. The Queen herself—to speak of her historically—was perhaps what a good Tudor would naturally be, a person to respect and honour rather than to love. It is not at all certain that her marriage with Philip was prompted, so far as it concerned her, by anything but policy. Her choice was very limited. It may have been a great misfortune that she let herself be led to marry at all, but with Elizabeth on the steps of the throne she could hardly do otherwise. Philip treated her badly, and did a worse, because a more than personal, mischief, in forcing her to govern after the Spanish fashion. Her character may have been soured by her disappointments and ill-success, but, as we have hinted, sickness and suffering had much to do with her declining years, and we may trust that in truth they refined her and elevated her. We have nowhere seen a better summing-up of her character from a non-Catholic pen than in the last lines of the drama by Sir A. de Vere, to which we have already referred. The speaker is the famous Underhill, the “Hot Gosseller,” as he was called at the time.

Let me speak, sir ;
 For I have known, and been protected by her
 When fierce men thirsted for my blood. I say not
 That she was innocent of grave offence,
 Nor aught done in her name extenuate ;
 But I insist upon her maiden mercies,
 In proof that cruelty was not her nature.
 She abrogated the tyrannic laws
 Made by her father. She restored her subjects
 To personal liberty, to judge and jury,
 Inculcating impartiality.
 Good laws, made or revived, attest her fitness
 Like Deborah to judge. She loved the poor
 And fed the destitute ; and they loved her.
 A worthy Queen she had been, if as little
 Of cruelty had been done under her
 As by her. To equivocate she hated,
 And was just what she seemed. In fine, she was
 In all things excellent, while she pursued
 Her own free inclination without fear.²

² Sir A. de Vere. *Mary Tudor*, p. 330.

The Italian Revolution.

SUFFICIENT time has elapsed since the early stages at least of the Italian Revolution to justify the attempt to put before the public in a connected form some account of the principles and modes of action adopted by those who were the chief and apparently successful promoters of the stirring series of events that have changed the face of Italy. Nor is such an attempt uncalled for on various grounds. The knowledge, it is not too much to say, possessed by most Englishmen on this subject does not rise above that dim, misty impression that lingers in the mind after the cursory perusal of the sensational paragraphs of the daily newspaper and its special correspondents, without further relief of the dull haze of mental confusion thus produced than that caused by the lurid lights of prejudice that are the congenital inheritance of the British race as far as anything connected with Italy and Rome are concerned. It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. O'Clery to conceive the possibility of contributing something towards the removal of the existing ignorance; and it was better still to have girded himself up to the task of giving execution to his thought in the very able and satisfactory manner in which he has done his work. Mr. O'Clery confines himself in his present volume to the period between the entry of the French Republican armies into Rome in 1796, to the fall of the Roman Republic in 1849.

Italy, and especially Rome as gathering Italy into itself, must always stand out before the world's eye as an object of absorbing interest. The mighty figures that move so grandly in the dim light of her ancient days are still to some extent living and substantial to us; but there is this difference between Rome and the other seats of mighty empires that have passed away. These lie enshrouded in the melancholy gloom that broods over their decay, and the mighty cities that they once sustained are a mass of shattered ruins, the dwelling place

of the bat and of the dragon. But Rome lives still, and has added on the chronicles of a wider empire than that swayed by the Cæsars to the long glories of the olden time. And she was yet living when the wild waves of the revolutionary outbreak that had deluged the world broke against her walls in 1796.

The French armies, drunk with Republican enthusiasm, had trampled down the physical resistance by which Germany had sought to arrest their destructive march, and swept up to the walls of Rome to find a foe of a different order to any that they had hitherto encountered. Pius the Sixth, the reigning Pontiff, was a worthy successor of that long line of men who, with few exceptions, had risen up to the level of the high office which they filled; nay, some of whom stood forth in grand proportions as landmarks for all coming times. Endowed with the fulness of spiritual rule, the sovereignty of temporal power had also attached itself to them, and after twelve hundred years rested in their hands on the most legitimate of all titles. It was not that they had sought this sovereignty, but that sovereignty had sought them by the most natural of all processes, the willing gathering of the people under their protection, by the guidance of that Providence Whose will it is that men should live in society, and that kings should rule justly. And for twelve hundred years they had ruled in sunshine and in storm, leaving traces of their beneficent influence in the mitigation of barbarism, the refinement of manners, the dissipation of ignorance, and the fostering and confirming of social liberties throughout the world. This was the power against which the revolutionary waters now surged up, to find themselves withstood it is true, but in a way widely different from that in which they had hitherto been met. The Temporal Power of the Roman Pontiffs was the ostensible point of attack; but it was not by temporal weapons that Pius the Sixth could hope to meet the assault. He had recourse to the principles of that spiritual rule which was also vested in him, the principles of truth and justice upon which rested both his spiritual and his temporal power. To these principles he appealed as his sufficient shield and weapon of defence in the warfare that had been forced upon him.

During the latter part of the year 1797 Rome had been the scene of the active conspiracies of the secret societies, of whose operations the French Embassy, then occupied by Joseph

Bonaparte, was the focus. The first attempt at insurrection took place on the 28th of December, 1797, when one of the military *attachés* of the French Embassy, General Duphot, put himself at the head of the insurgents and was shot down in the disturbance that ensued. This afforded a pretext for the action of the French armies; and accordingly on the 10th of February, 1798, Berthier appeared before Rome. On the following day the Pope, to avoid the effusion of blood, ordered the gates of the city to be opened; issuing at the same time a protest against this violation of all law through the Commandant of St. Angelo. Berthier kept his troops encamped five days without the walls, but at length marched them into Rome, when the downfall of the Temporal Power was announced and the Republic proclaimed, amidst the shouts of a portion of the inhabitants. But the new Government by no means found favour with the whole of the Roman people. So furious were the men of the Trastevere at the loss of the Pope, that it was months before a French soldier or Roman Republican dared to enter their quarter alone.

The Pope himself was seized by the French and ordered to retire into Tuscany, and to dispossess himself entirely of all his temporal authority. The noble reply of the captive Pontiff shows upon what principle he relied in the unequal struggle in which he was engaged. "I am prepared for every species of disgrace. As Supreme Pontiff, I am resolved to die in the exercise of all my powers. You may employ force; you have the power to do so; but know that though you may be masters of my body, you are not so of my soul. Free in the region where it is placed, it fears neither the events nor the sufferings of this life. I stand on the threshold of another world; there I shall be sheltered alike from the violence and impiety of this." And, adds Alison, "Force was soon employed to dispossess him of his authority; he was dragged from the altar in his palace, his repositories were all ransacked and plundered, the rings even torn from his fingers, the whole effects in the Vatican and Quirinal inventoried and seized, and the aged Pontiff conducted, with only a few domestics, amidst the brutal jests and sacrilegious songs of the French dragoons, into Tuscany, where the generous hospitality of the Grand Duke strove to soften the hardships of his exile." Finally he was dragged to the fortress of Valence, where, broken down by the hardships he had undergone, he expired on the 19th of

August, 1799. Such was the first act in the drama of the Italian Revolution.

The conclave met at Venice in February, 1800, and on the 10th of that month Cardinal Chiaramonte was elected to the vacant throne of St. Peter and took the name of Pius the Seventh. Since Marengo, Italy lay at the feet of the French, whose policy at the same time found a certain advantage in keeping on good terms with the Head of the Church. Pius the Seventh was in consequence allowed to take possession of his capital on the 3rd of July, 1800. Then followed the concordat, and the journey of the Pope to Paris for the coronation of the new Emperor of the West. But events soon proved the interested nature of the apparently friendly relations that Napoleon cultivated with the Pope. The cloven foot was displayed even during the enforced prolongation of the Pope's stay in Paris, but on his firm rejection of Napoleon's insidious proposals, Pius the Seventh was at length allowed to return to the Eternal City. The respite, however, was not of long duration. As Napoleon advanced in his marvellous career of aggression and conquest, his attitude towards the Holy See became increasingly arbitrary and hostile, till at length he could write on the 13th of February, 1806, to Pius the Seventh, "I will not infringe the rights of the Holy See, but my enemies must be yours. Your Holiness must cease to have any delicacy towards my enemies and those of the Church. You are Sovereign of Rome, but I am its Emperor; all my enemies must be your enemies." One thing that was meant by this latter clause was, that the Berlin and Milan decrees should be rigidly enforced within the Papal States, and that all the ports of his Holiness should be closed to the British flag on all occasions when England was at war with France. To these requirements the Pope replied, March 12th, 1806, "The demand to dismiss the envoys of Russia, England, and Sweden is positively refused: the Father of the Faithful is bound to remain at peace with all, without distinction of Catholics or heretics." So again the Pontiff thus loftily explains the principles that constrain him to act in a manner so opposed to all maxims of worldly prudence and views of worldly interest. "If they choose to seize upon Rome we shall make no resistance, but we shall refuse them the entry to the Castle of St. Angelo. All the important points of our dominions have been occupied by their troops, and the collectors of our taxes can no longer levy any imposts

in the greater part of our territory, to provide for the contributions which have been imposed. We shall make no resistance, but your soldiers will require to burst open the gates with cannon-shot. Europe shall see how we are treated, and we shall at least prove that we have acted in conformity to our honour and our conscience. If they take away our life, the tomb will do us honour, and we shall be justified in the eyes of God and man." Again: "Should he desire it, we shall instantly retire into a convent, or the Catacombs of Rome, like the first successors of St. Peter; but let him not think, as long as we are intrusted with the responsibilities of power, to make us by menaces violate its duties." In reply to this uncompromising language the threat was held out, that if upon the Continent the Pope alone wished to remain firm to England, the remainder of his dominions should be incorporated with the Empire. But no violence of language could drive the Holy Pontiff into a declaration of war against England, a step for which no just grounds could be alleged, and which in consequence if taken would amount to a great public crime; a crime, too, of a deeper dye, as proceeding from the appointed guardian of truth and justice in the world.

On the 2nd of February, 1808, a large body of French troops occupied Rome, where it was announced they would remain until the Holy Father had consented to join the general league, offensive and defensive, with Napoleon and the King of Naples. This declaration was followed by a decree, issued from Schönbrunn on the 17th of May, 1809, announcing that the States of the Pope were united to the French Empire, and that the City of Rome was constituted a free and imperial city. The Pope replied by a Bull of Excommunication, which startled and irritated the mighty conqueror in the midst of his triumphs. Soon afterwards the Quirinal was confronted by forty pieces of cannon; on the night of the 5th of July the outlying parts of the building were forcibly occupied, and on the following morning the inner doors of the palace were broken down by hatchets, and the Pope was arrested and carried into exile. Facts these that would seem to have been strangely forgotten in the fervour of certain recent declamations against the relations of the Papacy to questions of international right and civil allegiance. Pius the Seventh was simply a martyr to his fidelity to international obligations, or rather we may say to his fidelity to England, in his determination to suffer the loss of all things

rather than commit a grievous wrong by declaring war against her without just grounds for such declaration. The subsequent history of Pius the Seventh is too well known to require repetition here. It is sufficient to say that Napoleon fell, and that his fall restored the Pope to liberty and to Rome. The nature of his reception in his capital is abundantly indicated by the single fact that he was "borne into the city on the shoulders of the most celebrated artists of the day, foremost among whom was the great Canova."

The first great revolutionary wave having thus subsided, it seemed that the world might henceforth rest in peace. And accordingly a great calm for a time settled upon the earth, although a calm not without its partial disturbances. For the principles of which the great outburst of 1789 had been the efflorescence, were still buried deep in the great mass of human life. Nor could it be otherwise. Seeds which draw no nutriment from the wholesome soil, will spring forth in vigorous strength when cast upon the dunghill. The principles of revolution which had been sown broadcast for three hundred years—not to travel further back into the past centuries—in every land, beginning from the Reformation, could not be eradicated in a day. The great revolt against law and the divine authority of the Church had been pushed to its legitimate results in every region of the civilized world. What Henry the Eighth and Calvin and Luther had begun, was carried out by the Puritans and Hobbes and the deistical writers in England; by Puffendorf and Bœhmer and Kant in Germany; and by Montesquieu and Voltaire and Rousseau and the encyclopædists in France; the outcome had been the Guillotine and the Goddess of Reason, and the tramp of armed millions, and the groans of oppressed nations, and the subversion of all law, and the earth deluged with blood. Seeds that could produce such a harvest must necessarily die hard. And in the present case they did not die at all; for special means were at hand to keep them in life and to waft them in secrecy and silence throughout the length and breadth of the earth. The means referred to were the secret societies, which in the bowels of the earth, as it were, drew together and fostered the elements of future mischief, and kept Italy more especially in a state of chronic unrest till the outbreak of the Revolution in 1848.

Mr. O'Clery devotes three chapters to these organizations and their workings and failures, and his whole narrative is full

of interest and information. He first of all deals with the Carbonari, of the origin and workings of which body an admirable account is given. There has been much controversy with reference to the exact origin of Carbonarism. Some writers maintain that it took its rise in Italy, while others attribute its introduction into that country to the French armies at the beginning of the present century, the revolutionary leaders having availed themselves of the French occupation to spread the principles and organization of the Freemasons under a slightly modified form. The more probable view seems to be that taken by Mr. O'Clery, which regards Carbonarism as a purely Italian institution in its beginnings, although it subsequently passed into the hands of the revolutionary party and became one of their most powerful instruments. Botta in his history of Italy says that the Italian Carbonari took their origin in the Mountains of the Abruzzi and of Calabria, where charcoal is made. Many of its members followed the calling of charcoal burners, hence the name Carbonari. They gave the name of *Vendite*, sometimes contracted to *Vente*, to their assemblies, in reference to their sales of charcoal when they descended into the plains. Like the Freemasons, they had several grades, shrouded their rites in the greatest secrecy, and used certain signs for the purpose of mutual recognition. Italian Carbonarism wore in the beginning the mask of religion in order to insinuate itself more readily amongst a population full of simplicity and faith. Carbonarism soon gained ground in the Romagna and was actively propagated in Naples itself.

The true explanation of the matter probably is, that the Carbonari were an association Royalist in tendency, and having for their main object, at least as far as the inferior members of the body were concerned, the restoration of the Bourbons, the expulsion of the stranger, and the maintenance of the Catholic faith. The leaders, however, were to some extent influenced by the prevailing tendencies of the day, notwithstanding which, however, the organization was hostile to Murat, and received severe treatment at the hands of his government; so much so indeed that it may be considered to have been virtually broken up by the treacherous arrest and execution of Capobianco its leader. Maghella succeeded in resuscitating it and giving it a new direction. In his hands the Carbonari became the partisans of Murat, and for the most part they consisted of the more advanced Liberals of the old association,

who soon engaged in an active propagandism, no longer however drawing their recruits from the hardy charcoal-burners of the mountains, but from the population of the towns, the officers of the army, and the students of the universities. So rapid was their progress that in the first five years, from 1815 to 1820, upwards of 640,000 members were enrolled in the kingdom of the two Sicilies alone.

Under their new leaders the Carbonari took a more elaborate form, and was divided into several grades, the members being grouped into *Vendite* or local lodges, which acted in subordination to central committees established in each State. The grades designed for the commoner sort were confined to three, the apprentices, the masters, and the grand elect. True to their original policy, and having regard to the nature of the population with whom they had to deal, they still kept up the semblance of religious respect, although by the adoption of a jargon of their own they paved the way to the subversion of Christianity. In the first two grades especially names recur such as those of the Most Holy Trinity, of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph, of Baptism, of original sin, of the deadly sins, and reference is made to the Cross, to the Crown of Thorns, and to the blows of our Lord's scourging; while passwords such as Faith, Hope, and Charity are met with. Even the *Pater* and *Ave* are recited, and honours are paid to the Creator of the universe, to Christ His envoy on earth, to His Apostles and preachers, and especially to St. Thibaldo, Patron of the Carbonari, whose canonization must be considered as doubtful, notwithstanding that the Annals of the Templars make him out to be the restorer of their order, and the first Grand Master after James Molay. But all this, it is needless to say, is only designed to amuse and corrupt the members of the lower grades, and by the use of familiar words to which new meanings are insensibly attached to lead them on to the gulf of Pantheism and Materialism, and so prepare them for the full development of shameless iniquity that appears in the higher grades of the order. The lowest grade of all consisted of the simply initiated, who knew only those that had introduced them, and had no power of initiating others; their specialty, in the words of Mazzini, was "to be silent and obey, to slowly deserve and receive confidence."

The whole organization, consisting of the central *Vendite* and the local lodges, was under the direction of the supreme

Vente, or *Alta Vendita*, as it was called. But besides the central and local lodges, the *Alta Vendita* had under its direction a special organization for its operations among the troops, which organization was again divided into the legion, the cohorts, the centuries, and the maniples. The duties of a Carbonaro were to be possessed of a musket, fifty rounds of ammunition, to be ready to surrender himself with entire devotion to the direction and to obey blindly the orders of his unknown chiefs. The association thus constituted rapidly spread into other countries. "It was at this time," says the Masonic journal, *l'Ami du Peuple*, of September 15, 1830, as well as the historians of the sect, Louis Blanc and Vaulabelle, "from 1815 to 1830, that the secret society of the Carbonari, formed at first in Italy, and subsequently spread over Europe, threatened every throne. It counted several deputies amongst its members in France, some of whom at present occupy high positions under Louis Phillippe. Under these chiefs, who constituted the supreme *Vente*, the name given to their lodge, there was another *Vente*, forming the famous directing committee, the members of which, five in number, evaded all attempts at discovery on the part of the Government. This committee was the medium of communication between the supreme *Vente* and the *Alta Vendita* or Grand Orient, which was composed of deputies from the local lodges, each of which consisted of twenty-five members. Never did any association exercise greater strictness in the choice of its members. It required an independent fortune and a finished education (in the University lodges), an ardent love of liberty, an invincible horror of despotism, a courage that rose above the fear of death. The proposed end of the association was the overthrow of the throne by means of the press and of armed force. Every member was required to have a musket and at least forty rounds of ammunition. The supreme *Vente* annually received two millions (of francs), the proceeds of voluntary contributions, and these were expended for the furtherance of their plans. The Revolution was to be the work of the Deputies; but the lower classes, under their influence and urged on by the public press, used the *ordonnances* as the pretext for insurrection. Charles the Tenth was betrayed and the Revolution accomplished."

We cannot follow this subtle organization into its various details, nor dwell upon the ceremonies sometimes childish,

sometimes terrible, by which it sought to work upon the imagination of its neophytes. We shall do a better work by attempting to lay before our readers as clearly and as briefly as we can the principles by which it was actuated.

"Whatever may be said of their origin," writes M. Ravitti, quoted by Father Gautrelet in his work on Freemasonry, "the Carbonari, like the Freemasons, have for their supreme and final object the destruction of the Catholic Church by the overthrow of the throne. They retain part of the masonic rites. In politics they have for their special purpose to render Italy independent of all foreign domination, and to establish a representative form of government." Such being the ostensible object of the association, let us hear the principles of its action as enunciated by the *Star* or instructor, to whose lot it fell to enlighten the grand elect at one of their nocturnal meetings. We quote the *Constitution and Organization du Carbonarisme*, by M. Saint Edme. The *Star* thus speaks:

In the beginning of things, during what we call the golden age, our reunions, my good cousins, were uncalled for. All men, living in obedience to the simple laws of nature, were good, virtuous, and serviceable; all their virtues had the one object of excelling in the exercise of benevolence. The earth, free from particular proprietors, furnished abundantly to those that cultivated it all that was necessary for their subsistence. Their wants were moderate; fruits, roots, and pure water supplied the needs of men and their companions. At first they covered themselves with leaves, but when they were prompted by their own corruption to make war on the innocent creatures over whom they have since arrogated to themselves the right of life and death, the skins of animals became their clothing. (Beasts and men are brothers according to the Carbonari; all belong to *humanity*.) The first forgetfulness of humanity soon destroyed the general fraternity and primitive peace. Hatred, jealousy, ambition, took possession of the hearts of men. The most able seized upon power, accorded at first by mediocrity without enlightenment, in the hope of being more profitably directed. The majority having made choice of chiefs, conceded a certain authority to them, granted them appanages, guards, the right to carry into execution the laws made by and for the people; but elected thus freely, the depositaries of a temporary power soon essayed to retain and augment it. To this end they made use of armed men, that had been placed at their disposal, to load their benefactors, the people, with chains. They dared to give out that their authority came from heaven, and that thenceforth it should be hereditary and unlimited. The force which ought never to be employed except for the defence of the territory of the different populations, was turned

against the unarmed citizens themselves. Their ungrateful chiefs constrained them to pay enormous contributions to minister to their pomp and pride, to wage their unjust wars and to pay their persecutors. They restricted the power of making laws to a few mercenaries devoted to their service; and when the people wished to assemble for the destruction of their tyranny, a handful of audacious bandits, calling themselves sacred, impeccable, shielded by a usurped inviolability, treated as rebels the true sovereigns of the State, who could be no other than the multitude or the totality of the individuals composing the nation. The poor man was despised, treated as a brigand, counted as nothing. . . . The most frightful despotism replaced, at almost every point of the earth's surface, the primitive liberty and equality that heaven had wished to establish for all men, and which now exists only at the death of each individual man.

No great critical acumen is required to detect the inspiration of Rousseau in this congeries of falsehoods, not unhappily unmingled with a dash of truth.

But another writer carries us still further into the innermost recesses of Carbonarism. Witt, in his *Mémoires des Sociétés Secrètes*, thus describes the general character of the association and its ultimate ends.

The Carbonari are still as unknown as the Freemasons themselves. The number even of the adepts is small who know the number of grades in the Order, the seat of the *Alta Vendita*, and of whom it consists. . . . And what a delusion is the man under who thinks he can gather the spirit of the Carbonari and its true tendencies from the three first grades! In these there is still question of Christian morality, and even of the Church. . . . The initiated imagine, after this formula, that the end of the Association is something high and noble, that it is the Order of those who wish for a purer morality and a more robust piety, for the independence and unity of their country. . . . But everything changes after the three first grades. Already in the fourth, that of the *Apostoli*, the engagement is taken to overthrow all monarchies, and especially the kings of the Bourbon race, (*lilia pedibus destrue*). It is only in the seventh grade, however, to which few attain, that the revelation fully unfolds itself. At length the veil entirely falls before the P : S : P : *Principe Summo Patriarcha*. Thus it becomes apparent that the end of the Carbonari is altogether identical with that of the Illuminati. This grade, in which a man is prince and bishop at the same time, coincides with the *Homo Rex* of the latter. The initiated swears the ruin of all religion and all positive government, whether it be despotic or whether it be democratic.

All means for the execution of their projects are permitted. Murder, poison, false oaths, all is at their disposal. The *Summo Maestro* laughs

at the zeal of the Carbonari, who have sacrificed themselves for the liberty and independence of Italy; for him *neither the one nor the other is an end, but only a means.*

It is striking to find how all this is confirmed by the undeniable proof of facts. We shall quote a somewhat lengthy passage from Mr. O'Clery in evidence.

When a man presented himself for admission into the Order, it was only accorded to him on condition of his giving himself up body and soul to its leaders. Giovanni Ruffini was asked, "Did he know that, as soon as he had taken the oath, his arm, his faculties, his life, his whole being, would belong no longer to himself, but to the Order? Was he ready to die a thousand times rather than reveal the secrets of the Order? Was he ready blindly to obey and to abdicate his will before the will of his superiors in the Order?"

Mazzini, too, has recorded the circumstances of his initiation into the Carbonari. He was asked if he was "ready to *act*, and to obey the instructions which would be transmitted to him from time to time, and to sacrifice himself, if necessary, for *the good of the Order*?" Then on his knees he took the Carbonaro oath upon a drawn dagger. In all this there was no definite object set before the adept, no limit fixed to his obedience. "In my own mind," says Mazzini, "I reflected with surprize and distrust that the oath which had been administered to me was a mere formula of obedience, containing nothing as to the aim to be reached, and that my initiator had not said a single word about federalism or unity, republic or monarchy. It was war to the government, nothing more."

Once, when an Italian had taken the Carbonaro oath—and it was often taken, as in Mazzini's case, in a burst of blind enthusiasm, which was followed, but not tempered, by anxious reflection—he became the slave of a despotism incomparably more complete than any that had ever existed in Italy or in Europe. He belonged, body and soul, to a central *vendita*, of whose existence he was scarcely aware, whose members were unknown to him, while the end to which they were directing their efforts, and which he had vowed to serve by a blind obedience, was equally hidden from him, and only alluded to in the vaguest generalities.

Nor was this blind obedience an empty name. If he refused it the symbolic dagger, on which he had sworn allegiance to the Order, guided by an unknown hand, became the instrument of his punishment. Even flight to distant lands was at times insufficient to shelter the life of an insubordinate or treacherous Carbonaro from the avenging daggers of the *Alta Vendita*. There was not one state in Italy free from political assassinations, and the object of these crimes was not so much to punish the guilty as to establish a system of terror over the members of the lower grades of the Order, so as to quell and eradicate all

tendencies towards a mutinous spirit amongst them. Mazzini relates an incident of this kind, which occurred at Genoa.

"I was desired," he says, "to be on the Ponte della Mercantia at midnight. There I found several of the young men I had enrolled. They had been ordered there, like me, without knowing wherefore.

"After we had waited there a long time, Doria appeared, accompanied by two others, whom we did not know, and who remained wrapped up to the eyes in their cloaks, and as mute as spectres.

"Having arranged us in a circle, Doria began a discourse directed at me, about the culpability of certain words of blame of the Order, uttered by inexperienced and imprudent young men; and pointing to the two cloaked individuals, he told us that they were about to start on the morrow for Bologna, in order to stab a Carbonaro there for having spoken against the chiefs: for that *the Order no sooner discovered rebels than it crushed them.*" The italics are Mazzini's.

A similar incident is related by Ruffini. About twenty of the Carbonari were assembled at midnight in one of the smaller squares of Genoa, and there one of the leaders told them to pray for the soul of a comrade condemned to death by the *Alta Vendita*, and who would die by the dagger as the clock struck twelve" [p. 119].

Such was the organization and such the principles of that organization by which the scattered but by no means exhausted forces of the Revolution were once more drawn together and kept ready for action whenever the moment should seem to its leaders sufficiently opportune to let them slip once more against the dilapidated fabric of European society. Italy however enjoyed a period of external peace during the lull that followed after the mighty struggle of the great war. In the Pontifical States honest endeavours were made under the Government of Pius the Seventh to repair the damages of convulsion, and to correct official and other abuses. These efforts were rewarded by a rapidly returning prosperity, one evidence of which was a large increase in the population of the Roman States during the period of the five years between 1815 and 1820. But, as we have seen, the Carbonari had not been idle in the interval, and were fully prepared for action when the effect of the Spanish Revolution moved them like an electric shock. An insurrection organized by the soldiery broke out at Nola on June 1, 1820, under the leadership of Lieutenant Morelli, who immediately advanced to Avellino where he was joined by the civil and military officers long enrolled in the ranks of the Carbonari. The numbers of the insurgents were soon swelled by the accession of a regiment from Naples under

General P  p  , while the royal commander, Carascosa, remained inactive at the head of his troops. Naples showed symptoms of revolt, and in the end the Spanish Constitution of 1812 was proclaimed, of which the bulk of the people hardly knew the name. The army, the people, the Court, and the Crown Prince himself assumed the Carbonari colours, black, pink, and sky blue; a sufficient proof that Carbonarism was a real power and not a cobweb of the imagination.

The military revolution at Naples was followed by the popular movement at Palermo, where the yellow flag of Sicily was unfurled against the Carbonari tricolour, and the people demanded an independent kingdom under a Prince of the Royal House. The city was given up to riot and pillage, the resistance of the troops was overcome and fifteen hundred of the soldiers massacred, several of the officers having been beheaded, and their heads carried in triumph through the streets. The prisons were crowded to overflowing, as many as six thousand citizens supposed to be hostile to the revolution having been thrust into them. But the revolutionary Government at Naples succeeded in reducing Palermo to order, themselves soon after succumbing to an Austrian army of sixty thousand men under General Frimont, who speedily established the ancient order of things.

The movement thrilled through Lombardy, where however the outbreak was prevented, and Piedmont—where the insurrection was promptly suppressed, though it resulted in the substitution of Charles Felix in the place of Victor Emmanuel on the throne of Sardinia, and the banishment of Charles Albert, the heir presumptive to the Crown, and subsequently King, from the precincts of the Court. The first great movement therefore of the Italian Carbonari ended in failure and disgrace.

Ten years of comparative calm followed the events just recorded, during which the Italian lodges of the Carbonari were reorganized under the auspices of the *Haute Vente* of Paris, which comprized Guizot, La Fayette, and the Duke of Orleans amongst its members. It was during this period that Mazzini was initiated into the association, and he soon began to experience a sense of disappointment at the nature of its action. It had ceased to be simply an Italian organization, with but one end ostensibly in view—the liberation of Italy from a foreign yoke. Carbonarism had become international and cosmopolitan in its aspirations. Its immediate object was now to revolutionize

France. We will let him express this in his own words, as given by Mr. O'Clery.

The leaders of the Carbonari always spoke of Italy as a nation disinherited of all power to *act*, as something less than a secondary appendix to others. They professed themselves Cosmopolitans. Cosmopolitanism is a beautiful word, if it be understood to mean liberty for all men; but every lever requires a fulcrum, and while I had been accustomed to seek for that fulcrum in Italy itself, I found the Carbonari looked for it in Paris. The struggle between the French Opposition and the Monarchy of Charles the Tenth was just then at its height both in and out of the Chamber, and nothing was talked of among the Carbonari but Guizot, Berthe, Lafayette, and the Haute Vente of Paris. I could not but remember that we Italians had given the institution of Carbonarism to Paris [p. 138].

Thus in 1830 the political atmosphere throughout Europe was charged with all the elements of explosion, and the catastrophe was not long delayed. France first experienced the shock of the convulsion, and the throne of the elder Bourbons was levelled with the dust. The revolutionary current soon made itself felt throughout Italy, where the Carbonari were again in full activity. Menotti, a friend of the Duke of Modena and head of the police, commenced the movement by driving the Duke from his capital. Maria Louisa was similarly expelled from Parma; and the movement spread rapidly to the Papal States, then under the Government of Gregory the Sixteenth. Napoleon Louis and Charles Louis Napoleon, the sons of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, then residing at Florence, put themselves in communication with Menotti, the leader of the Modenese revolution. The two princes had both been enrolled amongst the Carbonari, and had been driven from Rome in consequence of the imprudence of Louis Napoleon, who had publicly appeared on the Corso with the tri-coloured ribbons on his saddle. When the insurrection in the Papal States broke out the two brothers joined the insurgents at Spoleto. The movement was speedily brought to an end, and things restored to their former condition, Louis Napoleon making his escape in the retinue of his mother, Queen Hortense, disguised as a servant, his elder brother having died at Forli during the campaign. Carbonarism was thus once more doomed to the bitterness of failure, and had soon to sink into the second rank amongst the instruments of the party of revolution. Mazzini now came to the front with the Giovine Italia, an account of

whose proceedings we must postpone to a future number. In our present paper it has been our chief endeavour to bring home to our readers the reality of the action of the secret societies in the more recent movements in Italy, and to place before them the true nature of the principles on which they are based, and the ultimate results to which they are tending. For the narrative of the events connected with these movements we must refer them to Mr. O'Clery's pages, where they will find their desires for information abundantly satisfied.

On a Catholic Poetess.

(A. P.)

SHE stooped o'er earth's poor brink, light as a breeze
That bathes, enraptured, in clear morning seas,
And round her, like that wandering Minstrel, sent
Two-fold delight—music with freshness blent :
Ere long in night her snowy wings she furled,
Waiting the sunrise of a happier world,
And God's New Song. O Spirit crystaline,
What lips shall better waft it on than thine ?

AUBREY DE VERE.

Studies in Biography.

IV.—LOUIS THE ELEVENTH (PART II.).

THE composition of the rebel forces against whom Louis was now advancing by forced marches from Orleans, sufficiently indicates the character of the struggle in which they were to be engaged. The pennants of almost all the chief nobility floated in the insurgent ranks. With the exception of René, who was also King of Sicily, we do not remember the name of a single duke who remained faithful to the royal cause, although it would be easy to mention others, as the Dukes of Nemours and Alençon, who up to the very last proclaimed the fidelity they meant to betray. Nor were the names of whom the League could boast illustrious for birth alone. The military reputation of such men as Dunois, Dammartin,¹ and the Marshall of Lohéac attracted whole companies of free-lances to serve beneath their flag. The spirit of party was keen enough to sever even father and son. The greatest name among the King's adherents is that of the Duke of Anjou. His son, John of Calabria, put his own great prowess and nine hundred veterans at the service of the King's enemies. The manifestos issued by the rebel chiefs to their various provinces are unanimous as to the grievances of which they complain. Some low-born, meddling fellows, who surround the throne and fill those places of trust which were meant for their betters, have been sowing dissension between the King and his true subjects. For their own vile ends, and to the prejudice of the whole realm, they have poisoned his ear even against the princes of the blood, and instigated him to invade their liberties. The Duke of Burgundy, his son, and the Duke of Brittany, are the first menaced, but it is clear the King's usurpations will not

¹ Antoine de Chabannes, Comte de Dammartin, had been among the chief advisers of Charles the Seventh. Louis, on his accession, threw him into the Bastille, whence he escaped to join the League. He afterwards served the son as faithfully as he had served the father.

end when these are crushed. In pure self-defence, therefore, the rest of the nobility have been compelled to take up arms. Then follow expressions of sympathy with the oppressed condition of the poor, and a promise that all taxes should be abolished was put forward as a bait to the lower orders. This last appeal was likely to be most successful in Auvergne, and thither accordingly Louis dispatched the Count of Boulogne to counteract its effects. The Count was instructed to show the good citizens of the towns through which he passed that all this mock sympathy with their hardships, and talk of lightening their burdens, were among the stock phrases of every seditious proclamation. The Count was charged to explain to labourers and citizens that the stoppage of agriculture and trade, the burning of villages, and the wasting of crops, to mention no other of the miseries of war, would do them more mischief in a month than could be repaired in twenty years of untaxed peace. He was to make them understand that the real motive that had urged the nobles to revolt, was that the King would not allow them to grind down their vassals as heretofore, and the real object in which the League now asked the people to cooperate, was to bind the feudal yoke more firmly than before upon the necks of the poor.

A royal speech to the same effect had been delivered in full Council, and copies were forwarded to the chief towns and governors of the provinces, for circulation among the people. These assurances had the best effect. The middle and lower classes learned to distrust their pretended champions. What little countenance the aristocratical party obtained from the *bourgeoisie* was the fruit of fear and not of love. The attitude of the capital was never doubtful. The inhabitants of Paris had never been deceived by the affected sympathy or the fair promises of the League. All the adroitness of the princes could not conceal that the true issue which was being fought out was whether the aristocracy or the King should be masters in France. Between these two masters the citizens found no difficulty in choosing. The stories of baronial tyranny heard by the fireside in the days of their youth had not yet faded from their memory. Many a substantial citizen could parallel them by others drawn from his own or a neighbour's experience. In truth, the relations between the feudal lord and his former vassal or vassal's son turned tradesman, had grown more and more hostile in the course of time. Commerce, which had

at first moved only the noble's contempt, now provoked at once his cupidity and his fear. In the sunshine of royal favour wealth accumulated rapidly in all the great manufacturing cities. The silks of Lyons, or the stuffs of Rouen were sown thick with the jewellery of Paris. Rheims was famous for its linens. The looms of Arras have made the name of that city a synonym for the choicest tapestry. If we cross the border into Flanders, we find trade brisker and money-getting more rapid still. But all this hard-earned treasure was defended by strong arms and stout hearts. The spirit of the commons had risen with their fortunes. The air of freedom stimulates the growth of the manly virtues, and the despotic baron at the head of his hired retainers might well respect the native courage of men who fought for their property and their rights.

Thus, the remembrance of past and the fear of present oppression combined with the interests of class to make a complete separation between the burghers and the nobility. No sincere alliance was possible between interests so opposed. The authors of the manifesto of March 15th, 1465, can hardly have repressed a smile when, in assuring the commons that it was for their peculiar advantage the League had been formed, they invited the lamb to side with its natural enemy the wolf.

Both the King and his opponents understood the value of the adhesion of the capital. Louis, called away to provide for the safety of the South, confirmed the citizens in their good dispositions by most gracious letters, and a promise that the Queen, then near her confinement, should be delivered of her child nowhere else than in "my beloved city of Paris." The rebels meanwhile made several unsuccessful attempts to carry the town by assault. A sally by the Marshal de Rouhaut, with only sixty lances and eighty archers, drove the enemy as far as St. Denis, leaving four hundred of them dead upon the spot. Yet the posture of affairs was very critical. The speed of the King's advance could not keep pace with his impatience. He despatched two messengers in front to encourage the city with news of his approach. At last, marching day and night, he reached Montlhéry, about thirty miles from Versailles, on Monday, July 15th, 1465. The Count de Charolais, afterwards Charles of Burgundy, had crossed the Seine to meet him, and the two armies lay face to face. The royal troops were fewer in number than their opponents, and badly supplied with artillery; moreover, their strength was exhausted by long and

forced marches. His seneschal, Pierre de Brézé, pressed on the King the necessity of giving his men some hours repose before engaging. Louis' answer stung De Brézé to the quick. He asked him if he had not a secret understanding with the enemy. It is true the seneschal had once pledged himself in writing to the cause of the League, but he was now heart and soul devoted to the cause of the King. From that moment he sought only the first opportunity of precipitating a collision. The first care of the Count de Charolais, on the morning of Tuesday, July 16th, had been to draw up his Burgundians, who far outnumbered their allies, on the left of the Paris road, which he swept, with some pieces of artillery. Behind them he posted his archers and men-at-arms. By seven o'clock Louis had marshalled his men along the line of a hedge of considerable height and thickness. For several hours the rival combatants stood gazing at one another, without venturing to strike a blow, just as is said to have occurred before the battle of Edgehill, when for the first time for more than a century and a half two opposing armies of Englishmen engaged. No messages were exchanged, for each knew too well the object of their meeting, yet both shrank from the responsibility of beginning civil strife. At last some skirmishing commenced between the archers on the outskirts of the village of Montlhéry, and the battle soon became general. De Brézé, who had not waited for the King's orders to engage, was one of the first slain. Fortune at first favoured the Royalists. Shortly after mid-day the advance of the main body under the command of the King forced the enemy's vanguard in great confusion back upon their reserves. But the timely succour of Charolais more than recovered the ground which had been lost. The King retreated upon the chateau of Montlhéry, and Charles for the moment thought the victory complete. Much, however, still remained to be done. The Savoyards and Dauphinese, the *élite* of the King's army, had carried all before them, and the left wing of the rebels was in full flight. The fugitives proclaimed wherever they stopped to breathe, that the day was lost and the Count slain. Louis, also, had managed to rally his troops at Montlhéry, and led them on again for a decisive charge. But though he performed prodigies of valour and had a horse shot under him, all was of no avail. The Royalists could not a second time resist the onslaught of the Burgundians. The reserve, upon which the King placed most reliance, had broken

and fled in the early part of the action, not without strong suspicions of treachery. A report got abroad that the King was slain, and the panic became terrible. Whole regiments hurried along with them in their flight the bravest commanders. One poor wretch did not think himself secure until at Lusignan he had put miles between himself and the field of battle. The battle ended between six and seven in the evening, and three thousand were left dead upon the field. The weather for some time before had been very dry, and the heaps of dust under which the corpses were buried, made it difficult to recognize the slain. The King was escorted to the chateau of Montlhéry by his Scottish guard, over what had been in the morning waving corn-fields, but were now trampled by horse-hoofs, and strewn thick with dying and dead. He had not eaten the whole day, but he only allowed himself a brief space for repose, and pursued his flight to Corbeil, where he arrived at ten o'clock, and remained over the next day.

The night was spent by the Count de Charolais on the deserted plain amidst much foreboding and alarm. He fully expected a renewal of the struggle on the morrow, and he could not assure himself as to the issue. But Wednesday morning passed and all was still quiet. In the evening he summoned a council of war. The leaders could not agree. The Count de St. Pol proposed to burn most of the baggage, and retreat upon Burgundy, saving only the artillery. De Contay pointed out the dangers of a flight and was for attacking the Royalists before daybreak. A middle course was finally adopted. The army fell back on Étampes, where it was soon reinforced by the Dukes of Berri and Brittany and there the united forces of the League lay encamped until the end of July.

Upon a review of the whole battle and its results it is not easy to determine to which side to assign the superiority. The Count de Charolais indeed remained master of the field, but Louis after bravely supporting a doubtful struggle had retired to Corbeil where he held possession of the road to Paris, and three days later entered the capital amidst the acclamations of the populace who hailed him as victor. The loss on the King's side had been considerably less than that of his opponents, and this is one of the grounds on which he claims the victory in his letters to the loyal cities. Again, if they had inflicted a real defeat, why did the insurgent leaders keep so close to their

camp at Étampes, and show so strange a neglect in following up their success? The surest test of victory is its results. Now Louis had accomplished his object of relieving Paris, while the nobles seemed no nearer theirs than before. The King was still at liberty and his troops had been less routed than dispersed. However to all this reasoning must be opposed the indisputable fact that the Royalists and Rebels had met in fair fight and the Royalists had run away. In ordinary language the victory in a battle is adjudged to the side that stands firm at the last, and after putting the enemy to flight encamps on the scene of the conflict. In this sense the confederates undoubtedly were the victors. But if we look at the substantial effects of the struggle, perhaps we shall see reason to come to a different conclusion. At the time, at all events, both parties claimed the advantage, and neither claim seemed entirely convincing nor yet entirely false.

Yet we certainly think the day of Monthéry taught Louis a bitter and an unexpected lesson. He found that he had underrated the strength of the opposition his reforms had excited. Like other clever men whose dexterity has had some immediate success, he presumed too far on his own adroitness and the patience of his adversaries. He thought he had stopped short of the point when oppression or fancied oppression would excite revolt. But he had not made allowance for the tenderness of a privileged class when those privileges which make it what it is are assailed. Self-interest sharpens the mental faculties, and can sometimes discern the issue of a policy directed against itself more surely than the framer of the policy himself. Louis flattered himself he had laid his plans too secretly and too deep to be detected by the vulgar eye. But those whom it most concerned him to blind already understood the danger and were providing against it. But the King never lost heart; he was taken by surprise but not dismayed. He had roused an enemy he had thought to be still sleeping, but he faced bravely the consequences of his imprudence. To Machiavellian cunning and an incurable preference for crooked paths over straight he united a personal hardihood sometimes verging on rashness, which often stood him in good stead when his secret plans had been unveiled. If he could not carry off the exposure by hypocrisy or bluster, yet he preserved by his firmness some semblance of dignity even in ignominious defeat. In truth this element of firmness is needed for the character of

a perfect villain. He is after all but a poor conspirator who is ready to cry mercy at the first alarm of detection. Your thorough-paced Fawkes, if he does not glory in the deed, will not at least prejudice his cause by any weak admissions, and if he must die will die game. In something of this spirit Louis, when he saw his plans discovered, raised the royal standard against the rebels of the League. The sagacity of his chief vassals, whose privileges he intended to curtail but singly and by degrees, sprung the mine before its time. Yet he did not decline the contest, and in the actual struggle he bore himself with such intrepidity and skill that his enemies were forced to acknowledge in him a worthy if not an equal foe.

The same night on which the King entered Paris he was entertained at the house of the Grand Master of France, Charles de Melun. A numerous company of citizens and their wives had been invited to meet the illustrious guest. To this sympathetic audience he told the story of the battle so vividly, and dwelt so feelingly on the dangers he had himself encountered, that the whole assembly were moved to tears. He declared his intention of taking the field again in a few days, and vowed he would never rest till he had driven his foes clean out of the kingdom. Yet he had had too recent experience of the strength of his opponents to be really desirous of defying it again. Besides, large reinforcements were pouring into Étampes from every quarter of France. The League had not mustered half its adherents at Montlhéry. It was Burgundy rather than the allies that had driven back and scattered the Royalists. Although the blockade of Paris was for the moment raised, it would certainly be renewed as soon as the allies could bring up all their troops. The royal levies in the neighbourhood of Paris were therefore hurried forward. The King went in person to fetch the Norman contingent. An attempt made in his absence by the Duke of Berri to tamper with the loyalty of the capital was unsuccessful, but when the King returned with his recruits he found the city invested by the allies. Again the hostile armies lay so close together that an engagement might become general in the space of an hour. Yet weeks passed on without producing anything more important than a few skirmishes. But while besieged and besiegers were regarding each other in sullen inaction, events were happening in the rest of France that

brought matters to a crisis. Treason or cowardice had opened Pontoise, Evreux, Caen, Péronne, and Rouen to the rebels. On the other hand, Liége, with which the King had signed a treaty at the beginning of the war, had revolted against the Duke of Burgundy, and the troops of the city laid siege to Limburg. The bold burghers must even send the Duke a formal defiance to Brussels. We can hardly acquit Louis of complicity in these opportune disturbances. A diversion of any sort would be most valuable in his present difficulty. And if the diversion could be aimed against the Count de Charolais, the chief of the League, its value would be multiplied tenfold. The effect of the news upon Charles that the Liégeois were up in arms—those sturdy Liégeois who could handle the sword almost as well as the shuttle, and whose indomitable spirit drew upon them later so terrible a revenge—was seen at once. He grew alarmed for the peace of his father's dominions. But his alarm was less than his rage. He burned with impatience to chastise the insolence of the burghers. Nor did it soothe his irritation to learn that the men of Dinant, taking pattern by their brethren of Liége, had wasted the country of Namur, and suspended an effigy of himself on a gallows before the gates of Bonchain with an inscription that affirmed his bastardy. Charolais now thirsted only for vengeance, and thought every moment long until he should get away from Paris.

Thus both parties—the chief of the aristocracy no less than the King—desired a reconciliation. Affairs had changed since Montlhéry. Both sides had had losses and both had had gains. But the gains of the League far outbalanced its losses. Although it did not underrate the mettle of the royal troops, and saw little prospect of reducing Paris as long as Louis was master of the Seine down to the sea, it stood in a much better position than it had done a month before. Since then there had happened several considerable defections. Many large towns had thrown off their allegiance to the King. Rumour, without, as it would appear, any sufficient foundation, whispered doubts of the loyalty even of the capital. Under these circumstances it behoved the King to come to terms as speedily as possible while he had still some adherents left. Sforza, Duke of Milan, who had sent his son with five thousand men into Dauphiné to support the royal cause, gave the characteristic advice to grant the rebels whatever terms they asked, and afterwards to neglect to carry them out. But Louis did not need

the lessons of Italian diplomacy. Other men have been more dexterous in avoiding difficulties, but no one surely has ever extricated himself from them with more address. He determined to make a virtue of necessity. If the demands of the League were large, his liberality would leave them far behind. In the conference at Saint-Maur the princes had only to ask in order to receive. The King's open-heartedness fairly took away their breath. Lands he had lately ransomed after infinite trouble with great cost, rights he had declared inalienable from the crown he gave away, nay almost pressed on the acceptance of his rebellious subjects with the air of a man who is rewarding his most trusty friends. This extraordinary facility does not seem at the time to have awakened the suspicions of its dupes. While the rest of France looked on with amazement and indignation at this portioning out of the crown lands among the nobles, the chiefs of the League themselves were too intent on their booty to think of anything else. Their pretended zeal for the public good had vanished in a moment. In the general scramble for offices and lands the cause of the down-trodden poor was forgotten. Some began to see the question in a new light. It was suddenly discovered that imposts which had been intolerable when levied by the King might be endurable and even necessary when collected for a duke. Thus, the Duke of Berri obtained from Louis the right of exacting the hateful *gabelle* (salt-tax) in the province of Normandy.

A separate treaty between himself and the King, concluded a few days earlier at Conflans, flattered the vanity of the Count de Charolais. Some difficulties which had occurred in the preliminary negotiations were removed by the King in a manner that illustrates the strange mixture of rashness and caution, of openness and secrecy of which his character was composed. Accompanied by only five followers, he had himself rowed down the Seine to Charenton, the scene of the conference. The two counts, Charolais and St. Pol, came down to the bank to receive him. "Brother, have I your guarantee?" Louis called out to Charolais, while the boat was still some distance from the shore. "Yes, sire!" answered the Count, "as brother." The King then disembarked, and his first words were a pleasant joke against himself. "I acknowledge you," he said to Charolais, "as a true gentleman of the house of France." "Why so?" answered the other. "Because you are a man of your word.

You charged the Archbishop of Narbonne to tell me I should repent of the words spoken to you at Lille by my ambassador Morvilliers before a year was out. And the year is not yet out, and I have repented heartily." This beginning, and the romantic confidence of Louis in thus putting himself in his enemy's power, quite disarmed Charolais. Louis was careful to deepen the good impression he had made by a flow of easy genial humour before which the ill-temper and resentment of the Count melted insensibly away. The conversation became more open and unrestrained. The old familiarity returned. For a time Monthéry and all that had gone before, and all that had followed it, were forgotten, and the two chatted and jested and laughed together as they had done as young men, years before, when Louis had fled from his father's wrath to the court of Duke Philip of Burgundy. As they walked up and down along the river side, the points of difference were discussed and amicably adjusted; and the King, after a protracted visit, during which he showed no sign of distrust, returned by water as he had come. "Ah, Louis!" said Charolais before they parted, "you always were the soul of good-fellowship. Would that I had never known you in any other character!"

The League had now obtained the real objects for which it was formed. The alleged grievances of the poor had not indeed been redressed, and no better guarantee had been provided against future despotism than the calling of an Assembly of Notables, whom Louis could twist round on his little finger. But the more rapacious of the nobles had been glutted with prey, and no one had gone away quite empty-handed. The King had been humbled and robbed. The nobles had triumphed and prospered. The ink was hardly yet dry upon the Treaty of St. Maur, before the chiefs of the Public Weal dispersed, with indecent haste to claim each his own share of the booty. The King was left alone with his council of thirty-six—twelve prelates, twelve knights and squires, and twelve lawyers, to whom the wisdom of the League had committed the common interests.

And yet the real victory remained not with the exultant cavaliers, who spurred out of Paris to get the first look at their plunder, but with the master-mind that brooded in the solitude of his palace over his losses and his disgrace. The last act of the great drama of the struggle between King and nobles had been played out, and the catastrophe was over. It seemed that the crown had suffered irre-

trievable defeat. All the King's cherished projects had been in a moment foiled and overthrown. All that he had sought to secure for himself by his toils and plots and sacrifices had been reft from him by a single blow. To enforce the royal prerogative had been the one object of his life. Yet the nobles now held under his own hand his sanction of their usurpations. He had, since his accession, recovered whole counties for the crown; yet the treaties of St. Maur and Conflans had conveyed away all, and more than all that had been won.

These circumstances might well have afforded him cause for despondency. But even this was not the worst. Lands and jurisdiction are prizes of the sword, and may be reconquered, as they have been lost, by its point. But popular opinion cannot be stormed like cities, and men bestow their affections not by compulsion but by choice. The experience of the recent struggle seemed to show that the sentiment of loyalty was neither very deep nor very general. Among the bitterest of the King's memories must have been the recollection of the last months before Montlhéry, when every day reported some new defection from the royal cause. From that date, in spite of all his efforts to reassure his friends, things had gone from bad to worse. The battle, although itself indecisive, led several Royalist towns to decide on admitting the allies. Paris itself was said, however falsely, to be meditating treachery. From what quarter could the King expect support, if his own trusted bourgeoisie, whom he had loaded with so many favours and distinguished by so many privileges, were not to be depended on? Was not this one reason why he had singled them out, and fostered and petted them from the beginning that they might stand by him on such an occasion as the present? Would they not listen to self-interest if they were deaf to gratitude? Would they leave him to maintain single-handed a contest in which their own dearest interests were at stake almost as much as his own? In appearance at least they actually did so. It is probable, indeed, that even in the first chagrin of defeat Louis retained sufficient equity and clearness of mind to perceive that the circumstances of the burgesses were in fault rather than their wills. Neither their training nor their avocations fitted them to be efficient allies in a war waged at a distance from their homes and in the open field. The same men who fought like lions down the narrow streets of their native town were loath to trust themselves beyond the shelter of its battlemented walls. They

burned with a fierce hatred of tyranny, but they hated most the tyranny which oppressed themselves. Their zeal for freedom was intense, but chiefly for the freedom wherewith they were to be themselves made free. We do not impute to them conscious selfishness. They wished well to the cause of liberty all over France, although they felt no call to be its champions outside their own boundaries. A royal proclamation could not stir their blood like the peal of the tocsin. Moreover, how could artificers stop their work and tradesmen shut their shops in order to go on a campaign? It would ruin them and their trade for ever. Their mercenaries were at the King's disposal, but he could not ask more than hearty sympathy from themselves.

For the progress of the estrangement of the nobles there was little difficulty in accounting. A dislike to proceed to extremities, and no doubt the hope that things might be arranged without civil war, made many dissemble and give pledges to the King in the beginning. But when it was seen that a reconciliation was impossible, and it became necessary to choose sides, these timeservers made haste to declare one after another for the League. There was hardly a family of note unrepresented in the army that sat down before Paris after Montlhéry.

Fortune, indeed, seemed to have utterly abandoned the King. And yet at this juncture her frown served him far better than her smile could have done. It is no paradox to say that success in the Civil War might have been a greater calamity for the King than defeat. If Montlhéry had been a royal victory, and the allies had concentrated their forces on Paris only to be hopelessly broken, he might indeed have dictated the terms of a conqueror to his prostrate foes. But rebellion would soon again have raised its head. The true objects of the League would not have been unmasked, and the Commons might have been moved by a not unnatural sympathy with the sufferings of those who protested themselves martyrs in its cause. But now, in the exultation of triumph, the nobles had laid bare the inmost recesses of their hearts. No one could now affect to believe in the sincerity of men who, having solemnly proclaimed the redress of popular grievances as one chief object of their revolt, as soon as that revolt was successful, and the King was ready for any concession, contented themselves with requiring from him a promise to confer with a Council of Notables of his own nomination. On the other hand, the greed and rapacity of the

rebel leaders, the long list of grants and exemptions and so-called restitutions which furnished so many articles to the Treaty of St. Maur, could leave no doubt in any reasonable mind that the zeal which had animated the nobles was zeal for their own aggrandizement and for the privileges of their order. Thus, by estranging from themselves for ever the affections of the people, they threw away the one chance they had of ultimate success in their contest with the crown. The barons of John had been wiser in their generation. The coalition of nobles and commons extorted Magna Charta on Runnymede, and laid the foundation of those equal liberties which are England's greatest boast. A nobility which the people loathed was fooled by the Treaty of St. Maur, and laid the foundations in sand of an aristocratical despotism.

We are glad those foundations were laid in sand ; we think the tyranny of the few is only better than the tyranny of the many. But because we think the selfish ambition of the nobles found its proper reward in the end, we do not the less deplore that selfishness itself. The arrogance of the nobility made an alliance between them and the commons impossible. Yet their disunion subverted the liberties of both. The King was or soon became more than a match for either of them singly, although he could not cope with them together.

It is not possible to detail here the successive steps by which Louis recovered his property and his rights. No one ever practised with better success the counsel *divide et impera*. Indeed some of the thieves soon quarreled of themselves about the division of the booty. The Dukes of Brittany and Normandy (Charolais) who started together from Paris to Rouen, had parted with high words before their journey's end. Francis claimed to exercise some rights over Normandy which the other indignantly refused. Louis saw his opportunity, and came with an army to the assistance of the Duke of Brittany. Normandy was soon reduced, and was declared to be re-annexed to the French Crown, in spite of the provisions of the treaty of St. Maur. It is not surprizing that the King should have been in that instrument so profuse of promises which sat upon him so lightly.

He next set himself to secure the services of the most illustrious Commanders of the League. The Marshal de Lohéac was made Governor of the Isle of France ; Dunois accepted high promotion in the royal army. A way was found

to win the heart of Dammartin, who rendered the King invaluable aid in subsequent wars. High civil offices attached Doriole, Chabannes, and Balzac to the royal cause. The Constable of St. Pol, uncle of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of England, suffered himself to be dazzled by the prospect of brilliant alliances for himself and his aspiring family.

Meanwhile Duke Philip of Burgundy died, having lived just long enough to sanction by his presence the atrocities which avenged a second revolt of the citizens of Dinant. Charolais first battered the walls, then razed the houses to the ground, and let loose his soldiery upon the unfortunate inhabitants. Of those who escaped this first carnage eight hundred were tied in couples and thrown into the Meuse. This hideous example frightened Liège into submission, and it would have been well for the doomed city if it had not so soon forgotten this salutary awe.

The accession of Charolais to his father's dominions meant, as Louis well knew, speedy war between Burgundy and France. Even if the French King had been of a temper as simple as it was really astute, or as pliant as it was really unbending, peace could hardly have been long preserved. But Charles was passionately bent on emancipating Burgundy from the control of France, and Louis was bent, with less passion perhaps, but with equal obstinacy, on maintaining his suzerainty; a collision naturally became only a question of time. Both began their preparations early. The King laid himself out more and more to conciliate the affections of the people. To the Parisians, above all, he paid especial court. The honest burghers were overwhelmed with his extraordinary condescension. He had already enrolled himself brother and companion of the great city guild. He now mingled familiarly with them as one of themselves. Most of the magistrates and leading citizens could boast of having feasted royalty in their own houses. Their wives had been admitted to join in bathing-parties with the Queen. The whole town went mad with loyalty.

Charles on his side had made up his quarrel with the Duke of Brittany, and concluded a treaty of commerce, to be in force thirty years, with Edward the Fourth of England. This alliance was cemented in July, 1468, by the marriage of the Duke to Edward's sister, Margaret of York. Three thousand English archers were promised to aid in the invasion of Normandy, on condition that the places conquered should be made over to England. But the detention of Charles at

Liège by the symptoms of a fresh outbreak, upset all his plans.

Louis had had early intelligence of the league formed against him, and for the first and last time in his reign summoned the States-General to meet at Tours. The summons was obeyed by few of the Peers, but nearly two hundred deputies attended, representing the principal towns of France. Popular indignation had been strongly roused by the report that two chief vassals of the Crown had called in the aid of England, which had for so many centuries been the bitterest foe to France. A unanimous vote confirmed the annexation of Normandy to the Crown. The support of the States encouraged the King to proceed more boldly. The royal troops were marched into Brittany, and laid siege to Ancenis. The Duke of Brittany, dismayed at the invasion of his States, and backed neither by Burgundy nor the English contingent, hastened to sign a peace. When a copy of this treaty reached Charles, who was advancing to the assistance of his ally across the river Somme, he treated it as a stratagem to delay his approach. The herald, who had been the bearer, narrowly escaped hanging. But further information put the genuineness of the document beyond a doubt. Charles did not care to fight single-handed, and the King was not unwilling to treat. Negotiations were opened but with little result. The Burgundian deputies set their claim too high. Louis determined on a repetition of the experiment which had already been successful at Charenton. He would try the effect of a personal interview. The recollection of old times had already once softened the heart of Charles, and why not again? Nothing so surely promotes good feeling as the intercourse of the parties estranged, and nothing so fosters misconception as their coldness or their separation. Besides, the Duke's simplicity would be no match for the cunning of the King, and Louis might coax out of his good-natured opponent whatever terms he wished.

So, at least, argued Cardinal Balue and the Constable of Brittany, though it would appear their real design was to betray the King into the hands of his enemy. A guarantee was procured from Charles, written in his own hand, for the King and his suite if they came to Péronne. Armed with this pass, Louis reached Péronne on Sunday, October 9, with a dozen of his chief adherents, sixty knights, and eighty of the Scottish Guard. It is impossible now to decide, if no mischance had

occurred, what would have been the effect of this bold move. As it was, the day after his arrival, messengers announced that the inhabitants of Liège had surprized Tongres, and massacred the bishop and canons under the very eyes of the King's agents. We fully acquit Louis of having instigated these excesses. He had indeed been in communication with the discontented Liégeois a short time before, but his latest message strongly inculcated upon them the necessity of submission. In truth any other advice, when he was going to risk his own person in the power of Charles the Terrible, would have been sheer madness.

But the turbulence of the King's allies came as inopportune now as it had been opportune before the treaty of Conflans. The Duke, on hearing what had occurred, flew into a paroxysm of rage. He swore that Louis had come to betray him. The King trembled for his life. The city gates were closed, and Louis found himself a prisoner. But Burgundy could have gained nothing by shedding the King's blood. He was satisfied with extorting from him a treaty practically conceding the independence of Burgundy. A stipulation still more galling to any man of honour and spirit was that the King should aid in person to repress the very rebellion which his own acts had at least remotely incited. But Louis could pocket his honour and his spirit when occasion demanded. He put the best face on his disgrace. He showed himself prominently among the Burgundian troops with the Cross of St. Andrew in his hat, and when the unfortunate citizens greeted him as their deliverer with loud shouts of "Vive la France," the recreant was not ashamed to answer "Bourgogne! vive Bourgogne!" Compulsion might excuse his presence at the siege, but no one could force him to make a merit of his misfortune and a glory of his shame. The capture of the town by assault was followed by cruelties which left even the horrors of Dinant far behind. Those who survived the storming and the sack were tantalized by the show of judicial inquiry until the gibbet or the river ended their suspense. The soldiers were instructed to save religious edifices and priests' houses alone in the general conflagration. Even the thickets of the Ardennes could afford no sanctuary to the outcasts; armed men threaded its tangled growth in order to despatch in cold blood those whom hunger and exposure had hitherto spared. The butchery was over at last, and Louis might go back to France.

Catholic Review.

I.—LETTER FROM H. E. CARDINAL PATRIZI TO H. E. THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

[We are now able to lay before our readers the text of the answer, referred to in our last issue, which has been received from Rome on the subject of the Abyssinian Ordinations.]

Domino Cardinali Archiepiscopo Westmonasteriensi.

Eminentissime ac Reverendissime Domine Obs^{me}.

Litteris diei 24 Augusti, anni nuper elapsi, referebat Eminentia Vestra quæstionem isthuc exortam inter aliquos Scriptores, circa sensum cujusdam, ut appellat, "decreti," ab hac Suprema Congregatione Universalis Inquisitionis die 10 Aprilis anni 1704 editi, quod valorem respicit ordinationis in quodam Casu Abissinorum expletæ per verba *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum* manuum impositioni conjuncta, ex eoque Anglicanos præsumere ac jactitare nullum jam posse a Catholicis moveri dubium de eorum ordinum validitate. Proinde ad anxietates eliminandas, veritatemque securius defendendam, quærebat eadem Eminentia Vestra sequentis dubii declarationem; scilicet an, in supra-asserto decreto, explicite vel implicite, contineatur doctrina ad validitatem ordinis presbyteratus sufficere impositionem manuum cum iis dumtaxat verbis *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*.

Jam vero Eminentissimi Patres Cardinales una mecum Inquisitores Generales, articulo formaliter ac mature discusso, in feria iv. die 21 labentis mensis, rogationi ejusmodi respondendum duxerunt *Negative*. Atque, ad hujusce decreti justitiam protuendam, pauca, ex mente Sacri Ordinis, Eminentia Vestra innuisse sufficiat. Scilicet, ex ipso Coptorum ritu, ut in eorum libris Pontificalibus habetur, manifestum esse, illa verba *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum* non integram formam constituere, nec sensum documenti, quod ex anno 1704 profertur, quodque non est decretum Sanctæ Congregationis, uti

ex ejus Tabulario patet, alio modo intelligendum esse nisi quod, penes Coptos, ordinatio presbyteri cum impositione manuum Episcopi, et prolatione formæ, in antiquo eorum ritu præscriptæ, valida sit habenda: nunquam vero Sanctam Supremam Congregationem, sive explicite sive implicite, declarasse ad validitatem ordinis presbyteratus sufficere manuum impositionem cum his dumtaxat verbis, *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*.

Post hæc, cum me jam mei muneris partes implevisse sciam, superest ut, eo quo par est obsequio, Eminentiæ Vestræ manus humillime deosculer.

Eminentiae Vestrae—

Romæ, die 30 Aprilis 1875.

(Sign:) Humillimus et devotissimus Servus,

C. CARD. PATRIZI.

II.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Life and Labours of St. Thomas of Aquin.* By Archbishop Vaughan, O.S.B. Abridged and Edited by Canon Vaughan, Monk of the English Benedictine Congregation. London, 1875.

THE two massive volumes on which Archbishop Vaughan undertook to treat, with all the amplitude of erudition which characterizes the Benedictines, not only the story of the life of St. Thomas, but all the collateral subjects which belong, more or less closely, to the career and labour of the Angel of the Schools, have, we are glad to hear, been welcomed by English Catholic readers with all due heartiness. If we remember rightly, the only fault that criticism could fairly find with the book was that it aimed at too much. This, however, if it be a fault at all, is a fault which we would gladly see repeated by other critics. We may hope that the present careful abridgement of the work of Archbishop Vaughan's brother, both in the flesh and in religion, may not interfere with the publication of future editions of the original work. There can be no doubt, however, that the book admitted of the views of abridgement which have been attempted. The story of a saint and a doctor can be told in two ways, for the learned and studious, and for the ordinary run of Catholic readers. The abridgement before us cannot have been an altogether easy task. People say that we ought to let in an enemy to cut down our timber for us, inasmuch as the heart of an owner may be somewhat too tender to execute the necessary thinning. Canon Vaughan must have felt some difficulty in the process of excision. The work, however, appears to us to have been very judiciously executed, and the result is that we have a life of St. Thomas which is at once complete and

not overlong. We very sincerely hope that we may soon see Canon Vaughan's name on a title page, not merely as an Editor or condenser. Is there no chance of his taking up his brother's work, and giving us a Life, or rather a History, of St. Benedict?

2. *The Public Life of our Lord.* Part II. *The Preaching of the Beatitudes.* By Henry J. Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. London, 1875.

In this new volume of the *Public Life of our Lord*, the Beatitudes are treated as great principles of our Lord's spiritual legislation, first of all preached more or less in detail and development in the course of His circuit throughout Galilee, and then solemnly proclaimed at the commencement of the Sermon on the Mount, which has been compared by so many of the Fathers of the Church to the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai. This view of the Beatitudes justifies the author in attaching very great importance to them, even among the words of One Whose every word is of the utmost importance. Then a separate chapter is devoted, in the first instance, to the virtue in which the Beatitude consists, and another follows explaining the reward attached by our Lord to that virtue, and the whole concludes with a short chapter pointing out the relation of our Lord's own example to His teaching in respect of the Beatitudes. The earlier chapters of the volume carry on the history of our Lord's Preaching in Galilee from its commencement to the time of the delivery of the Sermon on the Mount. The incidental questions, which are treated of at some length, are those of the phenomena of diabolical possession, which are so much questioned in our own day, and the close correspondence which exists between our Lord's method in the course of His Apostolical Preaching and that which was instinctively adopted by the great Preacher Saints of later times. The chapter in "Illustration of our Lord's Preaching from the Lives of the Saints" has already been put before our readers in the article on "Evangelical Preachers" in our last number.

3. *Journal d'un Diplomate en Allemagne et en Grèce.* Notes Intimes, pouvant servir à l'histoire du seconde Empire. Par H. d'Ideville. Paris : Hachette, 1875.

M. d'Ideville is too well known to English Catholic readers to need much by way of introduction. But they will naturally ask whether his new volume, which relates his experiences at the French Embassies in Greece and Saxony in 1867 and 1868, is equal in interest to its predecessors, in which M. d'Ideville published his notes taken when at Turin in the days of Cavour and at Rome in the days of Mentana and of the Italian invasion. The answer must be that it is not to be

expected that the accounts of a sojourn at Dresden after the fatal campaign of Sadowa, and at Athens in the early years of King George and at the time of the Cretan insurrection, can be either uninteresting, or equal in interest to a similar narrative or as to the turning crises of the Italian Revolution and Persecution of the Church. So far, therefore, as the subject-matter of this new volume is concerned, M. d'Ideville has not so much to tell us that we care to read. But he is always interesting and always amusing, while there is a great amount of truly valuable information to be gleaned from his pages.

The great importance of any notes which throw light upon the state of Germany between the two wars of Sadowa and Sedan, has made M. d'Ideville invert the natural order of his book, and give us his residence at Dresden in 1868, before that at Athens in 1867. In the former part of the book, therefore, the reader may be somewhat perplexed at the occasional allusion to the Greek residence, which in the pages of the volume, follows that at Dresden. To our mind, the narrative of M. d'Ideville's experiences at Athens is quite as interesting, and even as instructive, as most of his other writings. M. d'Ideville went to Athens very much against the grain. He was sent off suddenly, in the midst of winter, hoping till the last moment, against hope, that he might escape the mission. The air of Greece did not suit him, and when he was there he had very little to do. The day after his arrival he goes to the legation, and is told by the Minister of France, "There is very little to do here. You will be entirely free. The courier leaves every Friday, and for the rest of the week we enjoy *un repos relatif*." There was no Court, in the ordinary sense of the term, inasmuch as King George was not married, and, to avoid the danger of possible scandal, did not receive any ladies in the Palace. He kept a remarkably good table, was very much delighted, lord as he was, at anything that relieved the monotony of his existence, if it were only a quiet stroll with M. d'Ideville and his friends, and, apparently, had not much more to do than M. d'Ideville himself. But the few chapters in which the author before us has related the incidents, so to call them, of his own sojourn at Athens, are quite enough to reveal to the reader the utter and hopeless hollowness of the fictitious State which is called the kingdom of Greece. It seems almost incredible that a Government so entirely without power, credit, and respectability should have been kept up in Europe for half a century, and that the other Powers can have continued to maintain diplomatic relations with it. A set of school-boys playing at Government would probably be far less ridiculous and far less mischievous. The only parallel to it is the Italian kingdom. We may perhaps on a future occasion find space to dwell a little more at length on the subject of this strange parody of a constitutional *regime*.

4. *First Lessons in the Principles of Cooking.* By Lady Barker. London : Macmillan and Co., 1874.

Lady Barker's object in writing this excellent little book is sufficiently set forth in the first sentence of her introductory chapter. "The day has come in English social history when it is absolutely the bounden duty of every person at the head of a household—whether that household be large or small, rich or poor—to see that no waste is permitted in the preparation of food for the use of the family under his or her care." The principles upon which this is to be effected are set forth in this little work of one hundred pages at the small cost of one shilling. It is divided into three parts, the character of which appears from their respective headings. The first part is devoted to "the chemical composition, and the effect upon the human body of the various substances commonly employed as food." The second deals with "the best modes of preparing some sorts of food for use, with a simple explanation of their respective actions." The third consists of "the principles of diet and a few cheap and easy recipes." It will be then at once seen that this little book is not a mere cookery book, but that it descends to the first principles of the matter.

Any one who has had experience of housekeeping, and especially those who have suffered from bad housekeeping, ought to be grateful for any attempt to throw light upon a matter upon which material home comfort so largely depends. To those, too, who have any knowledge of the habits of the masses of the working classes in our great towns, anything that promises to bring in a better state of things than that which too often prevails in the households of the poor manufacturer, will be hailed with true thankfulness. The ignorance, the wastefulness, the slatterniness of the housewife in such households in many cases is almost a sufficient excuse for the recklessness and the drunkenness of its head. Ill-cooked, unwholesome food, served up in the midst of slovenliness and dirt, is too often the provocative to the ale-house and the gin-shop.

As regards the other classes, we will let Lady Barker speak for herself. "No one will deny the importance of urging rich and poor alike, in the present state of things, to try and economize the fuel and food which they may have at their disposal. When I use the word economize, and apply it to rich people, I mean it to bear a wider significance than when I speak of the very poor, with whom it is an absolute necessity. It is just because there is not this absolute necessity on the score of expenditure, that a due attention to the principles of economy in food and fuel sits so gracefully on a rich person. I do not mean that only two fires should be lighted in a splendid mansion, or that its inmates should gather every day round a dinner of bone soup or a lunch of bread and cheese. That would of course be absurd nonsense, and no one is so short-sighted as not to perceive that such economy would starve a good many thousand people in other grades of

life. What I mean is, that in all households, beginning with these costly establishments, where the duty devolves on a steward or house-keeper, there should be such arrangements, such training, such recognized principles, that the possibility of *waste* should be reduced to the lowest point. Every one will acknowledge that in what are called 'great kitchens,' 'the waste,' the broken victuals, scraps, crusts, bones, and so forth, would feed many a poor and hungry family. All I say, then, is: 'Let it feed such families: don't let it be thrown away and sold as refuse.' When we have made the most of everything, there will be still quite enough refuse in the world, without adding to it portions of food which would be a boon and a blessing to a starving child." This seems to us to be admirable advice, and we fear in too many cases much needed.

Nor is the following bit of wise counsel less so. "If everything was exactly as it should be, if cooks knew not only how to lay and light fires, but to cook exquisitely, it would be very delightful, and we might all live happy ever after. But, unfortunately, we seem to be a long way from such a desirable state of things; and complaints of the bad, and an outcry for good, servants grow louder every day. Now, it appears to me that good mistresses are just as much needed as good servants—mistresses who are capable of explaining kindly and clearly to a servant how and why their duties, or such portion of their duties as they are ignorant of, should be performed. Explanation is a good deal better than scolding, and the practical knowledge from which such explanations should spring is quite compatible with the utmost refinement and cultivation of the mind. I don't want the ladies to do the servants' work; I only want them to have the opportunity of learning to explain how such work should be performed, and to understand, even in theory, why and wherefore certain causes bring about certain results in domestic economy."

This is excellent common sense; and we will only add further our own conviction that things will not go right in this matter till domestic economy has a place assigned to it in our higher female education, and each poor school has an apparatus attached to it for training the future mothers of families in that upon which the comfort of their homes will so much depend.

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5. *The effects of observation of India on Modern European Thought.* The Bede Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge, by Sir H. Sumner Maine. London: Murray, 1875.

The importance of the subject indicated in the title of this lecture, will be at once evident to all who have in any degree followed the discoveries of scholars in the wide field of Indian literature and Indian institutions. The dimensions of that field have extended vastly since Sir William Jones and Colebrooke first broke ground in the unknown territory of Indian antiquarian research. The foundations which they

laid have since been largely built upon by German scholars; amongst whom Max Müller stands conspicuously forth as the interpreter of linguistic phenomena, and the apostle of a special school of comparative mythology. Nor is it easy to foresee how widely the results of these studies may hereafter influence prevailing theories of European social and political life. No one could be found more competent to take a general view of these results, or to point out their bearing upon many of the fundamental and complicated questions which are for the present the torment of European thought. As to the lecture itself, it is enough to say that its execution is worthy of its author. To attempt to epitomize an epitome which in thirty-nine pages touches upon as many important questions, drawn from almost every subject of modern social and political discussion, would be a futile task. We can only suggest to our readers to make the attempt for themselves, in the hope that they may be stimulated to direct their attention to a sphere of inquiry of which it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance.

6. *Rationalism and its relation to Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation.* By Aylmer Ward. London: Burns and Oates, 1875.

This pamphlet is the last outcome of the controversy raised by Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation, and it is certainly not the least remarkable of the many answers that have appeared. Without entering into details it attacks the foundation of Mr. Gladstone's position, and shows the base of sand upon which his Expostulation is built up. The man who expostulates ought to have some standard of expostulation, but Mr. Gladstone has none such, for he abandons all fixed principle and all law. Such is the key-note of the pamphlet before us. Its pages give evidence of deep thought, and they are full of striking and pointed expressions of first principles; the only fear being that its condensation of style will render it a difficult nut for the general reader to crack. Not professedly from the pen of a Catholic, it is replete with true Catholic sentiment and principle, and ought to make its mark upon the minds of such of our Protestant fellow-countrymen as are capable of thinking at all.

III.—SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

St. Gregory the Seventh. By the Count de Montalembert.

II.

EVERY effort to reform, purify, and deliver the Church from her thralldom, necessarily looked for support to the monastic orders, and Hildebrand understood this well when he undertook that task, Hildebrand, the greatest of St. Benedict's children, in whose person the monastic order gave to the Church and the world a glorious equivalent for all the benefits it had received from both. Of German origin, as his name indicates, but born in Italy, Hildebrand, the son of a Tuscan carpenter, almost as a child, became a monk at Rome in the monastery of St. Mary on Mount Aventine. His uncle was abbot of that house, and a learned Benedictine Archbishop, Laurence of Amalfi, the intimate friend of St. Odil of Cluny, gave lessons to the future Pope. From his earliest days he was devotedly attached to the virtuous Pontiff, Gregory the Sixth, and it was with grief and indignation that he saw him assimilated to two unworthy competitors, and deposed at Sutri, at the same time as those pretenders, by the authority of the Emperor. He followed the exiled Pope to France, and after his death lived with the monks of the Abbey of Cluny, where he had once before resided, and, according to several writers, held the position of prior.

Part of his youth, however, was spent at the Imperial Court, where his eloquent preaching produced a great effect on the Emperor, Henry the Third, and the most respectable bishops of Germany. The Emperor used to say that he had never heard the Word of God more boldly preached. One might have fancied him the young Moses at Pharaoh's Court.

Thus was it given to Laurence of Amalfi's pupil to dwell successively in the two camps, whence the most devoted soldiers, and the most desperate enemies of the cause which he was about to personify were to come forth, God was training now by the austere discipline of the cloister, now in the midst of worldly tumult, the genius of that man who with the help of the monastic orders was to vanquish the world.

In 1049, Hildebrand had met at Cluny the new Pope, Bruno, Bishop of Toul, a scion of the powerful and pious race of the Counts of Nordgau and Eggisheim, whose ancestors had been noted, some for their monastic foundations, and others for having ended, under a monk's cowl, their warlike careers. He had himself been a monk. His cousin, the Emperor Henry the Third, had by his own authority caused him to be elected at Worms, on the 1st of December, 1048, under the name of Leo the Eleventh.

Hildebrand, when he saw him invested with the Papal insignia, reproached him for having accepted the government of the Church from a secular power, and advised him to guarantee ecclesiastical freedom, by getting himself elected again in a canonical manner at Rome. Bruno yielded to these salutary remonstrances, divested himself of the purple and other pontifical ornaments, assumed the habit of a pilgrim, and went with Hildebrand to the Eternal City, where his election was solemnly renewed by the clergy and the Roman people. Thus was a first blow aimed at the usurped authority of the Emperor.

The Pope took Hildebrand from Cluny in spite of the vehement resistance of the Abbot, St. Hugh. He made him a Cardinal, Subdeacon of the Roman Church, and Abbot of St. Paul outside the walls, and from that time forward Hildebrand worked without intermission in pursuit of his object. By his advice, Leo the Tenth, after a reinvigorating sojourn at Monte Cassino, fulminated formal and strong decrees of condemnation against the sale of benefices, and the marriages of priests, in a series of councils, held on both sides of the Alps, at Rome, at Vercelli, at Mainz, and at Rheims.

The enemy, hitherto undisturbed in his usurped dominion, felt stung to the quick, but the offending bishops, accomplices, or authors of the evils which the Pope was resolved to eradicate, tried notwithstanding to disguise as much as possible the nature and the drift of those decrees. Time, they hoped, would befriended them. They were soon undeceived.

Henry the First, King of France, influenced by certain noblemen, who foresaw that their breaches of conjugal duty would be denounced in the face of Christendom, and by prelates equally compromised, opposed with all his might the convocation of the council; and most of the French bishops, who had obtained their sees by simony, turned to account the King's opposition, and absented themselves on that plea from an assembly where they feared to see their misdeeds exposed.

The Pope stood firm. Only twenty bishops gathered round him; but on the other hand, fifty Benedictine Abbots obeyed his summons. Thanks to their support, formal and energetic canons were published against the two great scandals of the time, and several guilty prelates were deposed. A still more important step was taken, for a canon passed in that council for the first time vindicated the freedom of ecclesiastical elections, by declaring that no promotion to the episcopate could be valid without the election of the clergy and the people.

This was the first signal of the struggle undertaken for the emancipation of the Church, and the first sign of Hildebrand's preponderating influence. From that moment all was changed; a new spirit breathed through the Church; a new life was throbbing in the heart of the Papacy.

After the death of Leo the Ninth, the Romans wished to elect Hildebrand, and it was only in consequence of his most earnest remonstrances that they gave it up. He in the meantime crossed the Alps and appeared in Germany, possessed of full powers from the clergy and people of Rome, to select, under the eyes of Henry the Third, the prelate of the Empire which that prince considered most worthy of the Papacy.

Things were wonderfully changed in a short time, thanks to the influence of a monk. The same Emperor who had deposed three Popes and named three others, less than eight years after the Council of Sutri, submitted to the initiative of the Roman Church in expectation of the fast approaching hour when she was to remain the exclusive mistress of her elections.

Hildebrand fixed upon Gebhard, Bishop of Eichstatt, and, in spite of the Emperor, who wanted to keep at his Court that prelate, in whom he reposed entire confidence, and in spite of Gebhard himself, took him to Rome, where the clergy proceeded to elect him, according to the ancient forms, under the name of Victor the Second, and at the peril of his life the new Pope conformed to Hildebrand's advice, and continued, like his predecessor, to wage war against simoniacal bishops and married priests.

In the meantime Henry the Third died in the flower of his age, leaving the kingdom of Germany to his son, a child of six years, who had been

elected and crowned in the lifetime of his father, and now became King under the regency of his mother, the Empress Agnes.

This event could not fail to hasten the emancipation of the Church; and when Victor the Second followed, soon afterwards, the Emperor to the grave, the Roman clergy proceeded, for the first time, to an election without any Imperial intervention. In the absence of Hildebrand they chose unanimously the former Chancellor and Legate at Constantinople of Leo the Ninth—Frederic, Abbot of Monte Cassino. He was a monk, and we have seen by what intimate and powerful ties the monastic spirit is connected with the cause of the freedom of the Church. Moreover, he was a brother of Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, the husband of Beatrice of Tuscany, and one of the princes most capable of resisting the Emperor.

The new Pope, who took the name of Stephen the Ninth, had only time enough to signalize his too short Pontificate by energetic measures in favour of ecclesiastical discipline and celibacy, and new negotiations for the object of recalling to unity the Church of Constantinople. It was he who named Hildebrand Archdeacon of the Roman Church, and who, by his advice, raised to the dignity of Cardinal Bishop of Ostia Peter Damian, the most austere and eloquent religious of his time.

Under the pontificate of Nicholas the Second, Hildebrand's power continued to increase. His influence secured the solemn confirmation of the results already obtained, and that by means of a measure the wisdom of which has been proved by the experience of seven centuries.

A council of a hundred and thirteen bishops, held at Rome, energetically renewed all previous condemnations against simony and the marriage of priests, and in order to preserve from that canker the Church, mother and mistress of all churches, it ordained that thenceforward the election of the Roman Pontiff should be exclusively intrusted to the cardinals, saving the respect due to the future Emperor Henry and those of his successors who might personally obtain from the Holy See the right to intervene.

This respect differed widely from the absolute submission erewhile claimed by the Emperor; but further changes were at hand. As this decree bears the signature of *Hildebrand, Monk and Subdeacon*, we may conclude, without rashness, that he was its chief author.

Another no less important decree of the same Council ordains that in the event of any one being placed in the See of Rome without having been canonically elected by the Cardinals and the clergy, whether by means of money, or of human favour, or by military or popular violence, he is to be considered not as an Apostle, but as an Apostate, and that it will be lawful for the faithful clergy and laity to expel the intruder by means of anathema, or in any other way, and to put in his place, even outside of Rome, the person they shall judge most worthy of the Popedom, and that he who shall be thus chosen will be possessed of full power to govern the Church, even before he is enthroned. No mention is made of the Imperial sanction in this second decree, by which it seems that the Pope and the Fathers of the Council were guarding beforehand, through a prophetic instinct, against the efforts made by the simoniacal, immoral, and Imperialist clergy, to obtain Popes that would suit them.

The Imperial party, especially strong amongst the simoniacal bishops, could not fail to be deeply irritated by a decree which reserved to the Cardinals exclusively the election of the Pope. They stigmatized as an innovation this law, which was looked upon by their adversaries and the

whole of the monastic order as a necessary and happy return to the regular conditions of Church government.

Germany in the meantime was becoming every day more glaringly a centre for the encroachments of the temporal power on the government of the Church. The freedom and the regulations of the monastic houses, as well as the rights and privileges of the laity, had been scandalously trodden under foot under the administration of Adalbert of Brëmen. But still greater evils ensued when the young King, Henry the Fourth, became of age—a prince who, from his earliest youth, gave himself up to excesses of every sort. The last effort of Peter Damian's long career was to effect a temporary reconciliation between the young monarch and his wife Bertha, whom he had resolved to repudiate for no other reason than his aversion to her. Peter Damian declared to the King that the Pope would never consent to confer the Imperial crown on a prince who should have given so great a scandal.

Thus, as always and everywhere, the rupture between the Church and royalty took its rise, or at any rate ensued, from the protection afforded by the Holy See to the rights of an innocent and persecuted woman. But in those days the cry of the righteous and the oppressed was not stifled with impunity. Alexander the Second heard that cry, and felt he was strong enough to hearken to it. He excommunicated the perfidious advisers who were taking advantage of the youth of the King, and summoned Henry to appear before him. But God withdrew the Pontiff from this world before the war thus engaged had come to an issue. He could die, however, without fear that the work he had so nobly begun would degenerate.

His obsequies were hardly performed, before the unanimous cry of the clergy and the Roman people called to the Papal throne Pope Gregory the Seventh, to crown there the work of the monk Hildebrand.

Hildebrand had often refused the Papacy; he earnestly wished to leave to others the perilous honour, though content to bear in a lower rank the weight of responsibility and the burthen of the fight. But God and the Roman people decided otherwise. Whilst he was officiating at the funeral of Alexander the Second, a unanimous and irresistible impulse impelled the clergy and people to proclaim, with one voice, that they would have Hildebrand for Pope.

Surprized and alarmed by those popular cries, he tried to reach the pulpit in order to calm the tumult, and to dissuade the people from their resolution, but a Cardinal had forestalled him, and thus addressed the multitude:

"You know, my brethren, that since the days of Pope Leo, it is Hildebrand who has exalted the Holy Roman Church and freed this city. As we cannot find one superior, or equal to him, we unanimously elect him Pope, him who was ordained in our Church, him whom we all know, whom we all esteem." And then, with overwhelming acclamations, the Lateran Basilica rang with these words, "St. Peter has elected Pope, the Lord Gregory."

Crowned and enthroned in spite of his tears and lamentations, Gregory still hoped awhile to escape the burthen he dreaded. The young King of Germany, and future Emperor, Henry the Fourth, had not been in any way consulted as to the election; the unworthy bishops of his kingdom were urging him with all their might to declare it invalid, by describing the dangers that threatened him from a Pope of the character of Hildebrand.

On the other hand, Gregory deferred his consecration until such time as the King and the German lords should have given their consent to his

election, and moreover, he wrote to Henry to implore him to withhold that consent, and warning him that if once he became Pope he should not suffer his excesses to remain unpunished.

Henry, nevertheless, was satisfied with this apparent act of submission, and sanctioned the election of the Pontiff, who was for ever to annihilate that usurped prerogative.

He must, however, have known, with all Christendom, the character of the great man who was about to become his antagonist. The eyes of the whole world were fixed on Hildebrand. Friends and enemies agreed in looking upon him as the most efficient representative of the authority of the Holy See and the majesty of Rome.

When the news of Hildebrand's elevation to the supreme Pontificate had crossed the Alps, a monk, writing to him from a remote corner of Lorraine, thus words his appeal. "God has placed thee on the throne, whence all virtue and all light diffuse themselves on the world, and where all things converge like the rays of a circle to their centre. Bear in mind, however, that so much as thou art loved by the good, so much thou art hated by the wicked, and it is not a small sign of virtue to be detested by the sons of iniquity.

"Now then, O most powerful of men, arm thyself with the sword to which God has promised victory. Behold how the Amalekites, the Midianites, and other sinners, conspire against the camp of Israel. To vanquish and exterminate such monstrous enemies, what solicitude, what prudence, what zeal, will be required! But let neither fears or threats induce thee to delay the sacred conflict; thou art raised on a pinnacle, all eyes are turned towards thee, every one hopes and concludes from thy past doings that the supreme dignity will prompt thee to perform great deeds, for even in an inferior post thou didst wage no inglorious warfare."

We know how Gregory fulfilled these expectations, we know also how, in the words of his most ancient biographers, he was beset by treacheries and temptations, and had to endure perils, injuries, captivity, suffering, and evil, for the love of God, and how with God's grace, and by the help of the Apostles, this invincible combatant vanquished kings and tyrants, dukes and princes, all the gaolers of human souls, all the simoniacal archbishops and bishops, all prevaricating priests, every wolf in sheep's clothing.

And we likewise know how enduring has been that hatred which the monk of Lorraine predicted the wicked would feel towards him, and how for seven centuries, heresy, servility, and ignorance, have vied in calumniating his name. We know that his contemporaries called him an infernal firebrand, that the bishops, paid by his enemies, denounced him as a parricide, a leper, and a magician. We know that at the time of the renaissance the learned men who swarmed in the ante-chambers called him a viper, Heliogabalus, and Trimalceon.¹

Less than a century ago, in this France, where we are at this moment writing, courtly bishops united with lawyers and courtiers, now in consigning his memory to eternal oblivion, now in curtailing his worship and insulting him on the very altars where the Church had placed him.²

On the other hand, our most illustrious philosophers were still bolder in their judgments. In Voltaire's opinion, Gregory the Seventh was simply a

¹ Pastoral of the Bishop of Troyes in 1729.

² "The Church reckoned him a saint, and sensible men a madman"—Voltaire, *Essay, Sur les Mœurs*.

madman; according to Condorcet, a scoundrel. Those times are gone by, and, do what they will, can never return. After a long night the day of justice has dawned.³

Even outside the Church, learned and generous voices have contended for the honour of paying homage to his virtues, and vindicating his memory from the insults of blind revilers, throughout twenty generations. That fame so pure and so perfect, one of the most precious heirlooms of the Catholic Church, has been in some measure rehabilitated amongst us, but it has not yet attained the full splendour which the justice of future times will award it.

It was not the Church alone that was to be saved by the triumphant resistance of Gregory the Seventh. He also preserved the political freedom of Christendom, when, by an unprecedented act of authority, he repressed and chastised the detestable tyranny which was threatening both the Church and society, and it is important to call attention to this fact as to this. In repressing the despotism of Henry the Fourth, in making use, in this instance, of the supremacy of the Papacy over all kingdoms and crowns—a supremacy universally acknowledged in those days in exercising the right of deposition—Gregory the Seventh was supported by all the traditions of the Church, the common law of Europe, and the unanimous agreement of nations in the middle ages.

In this great social question, as well as in those relating to the interior discipline of the Church, this great Pontiff invented no new doctrine, promulgated no new law of his own making, no discovery of his own. With strict justice, extreme long suffering, and indomitable courage, he made use of a right, which his cotemporaries believed to be founded on faith, reason, and tradition.

If there is one fact clearly proved by a careful study of the institutions of the middle ages, it is the especially limited and conditional nature of the regal power during the Catholic centuries. All the hereditary monarchies of those times were tempered by the more or less direct admixture of the elective principle, in all questions of disputed succession and minorities. Generally speaking, the natural successor of a deceased king was merely the foremost candidate for the throne, and his government was only recognized after it had been approved and ratified by the ecclesiastical and military authorities of the State in the ceremony of his coronation.

The modern idea of an absolute, unconditional, unquestionable power, was completely unknown to the Christian society of the middle ages. No one was made Emperor or King without binding himself by an oath to the Church, and to the people, to fulfil certain conditions, and to defend certain rights. Philip the First, King of the French, a cotemporary of Gregory the Seventh, was thus elected. When he was crowned at Rheims in 1059, in the lifetime of his father Henry, he began by taking an oath before God and His saints, to maintain the canonical privileges of all the churches, to deal justly in their regard, and to defend them by the help of God, to the best of his

³ As to Condorcet, in a letter to Turgot, 12th May, 1772, he writes as follows: "Our priests tried to celebrate Hildebrand's office in the chapel of Versailles. The King, Lewis the Fifteenth, saw the name, and by the advice of his Council ordered it to be struck out. It is reported that a commission has been named for the purpose of examining the breviaries of the religious communities, and ascertaining whether they keep the feast of Hildebrand, or other such scoundrels."

power, to govern with equity, and according to the laws, the nation confided to his charge. After he had thus sworn, the Archbishop of Rheims proclaimed him King, the Pope's Legate then elected him, but only as an act of courtesy, and not as an assertion that the Pope's consent was necessary. Afterwards, twenty-four bishops and twenty-nine abbots present at the ceremony, voted, and then the Duke of Aquitaine, the deputies of the Counts of Flanders and Anjou, eleven counts and the Viscount of Limoges, and finally the knights and all the people, high and low, cried out three times, "We approve it, We will it, So let it be."

Thus a compact existed between the sovereigns on the one hand, the Church and their subjects on the other hand. Kings were bound in the first place to profess the Catholic faith, and to befriend the Church. Failing in this, they themselves destroyed their rights and annulled the engagements contracted towards them by their subjects: this was the unanimous belief of the middle ages.

From the fact of these limitations and conditions, attached to royal power, it naturally followed that a King was lawfully subject to be checked, restricted, and repressed, in the exercise of his authority, and even, in an extreme case, deprived of a power unlawfully used. On this point also there was no dissentient opinion in the middle ages. In the seventh century the legislation of the Visigoths, formally enunciated, as *an already ancient doctrine*, the principle of the responsibility of kings, and the accountability of rulers, in the famous code of Toledo, which remains one of the noblest monuments of the genius of the Teutonic conquerors, purified and enlightened by the wisdom of the Church.

Sixty-two bishops assembled in Council at Toledo, in 633, less than thirty years after the death of Gregory the Great, proclaimed in the following manner, the political rights of Christian sovereignty: "The King is thus called [*Rex*] because he governs with rectitude. If he does what is right [*recte*], he legitimately bears the name of King [*Rex*], otherwise he miserably loses it, therefore our fathers were right in saying '*You will be King if you act with rectitude; but if you do wrong, you will cease to be King.*'"

Together with enactments most carefully framed for the maintenance of the legitimate authority of Kings, and the inviolability of their persons, the same Council inscribes the following threat. "With regard to the present King and to future Kings, we promulgate, with the fear of God, this sentence—If any of you, despising canons and laws, are incited to crime by pride and the pomp of royalty, or, prompted by covetousness, were to exercise your power with cruelty against the people, let such a one be struck with anathema by our Lord Jesus Christ, and let him be separated from God and undergo the judgment of the people."

Two centuries later, in 829, the Council of Paris, assembled by the orders of Louis le Debonnaire, made, in the name of the Church of France, a solemn and detailed declaration of the rights and duties of royalty. This act begins by a repetition, almost word for word, of the great principle laid down by the Fathers of Toledo.

"The King is thus called because of the rectitude of his conduct. If he governs with piety, justice, and mercy, he is worthy of the name of King. *If he does not possess these qualities, he is no longer a King but a tyrant.*"

Further on, the Fathers of the Council of Paris, quoting St. Isidore, Metropolitan of Seville, who had presided at the Fourth Council of Toledo, repeat the same sentence, and then they add, this magnificent definition of

the divine right of royalty, so strangely confounded, by modern theologians and public men, with the question of hereditary right.

"Let not any King suppose that it is from his ancestors that he receives his kingdom. Let him humbly and sincerely believe that he holds it from God, Who said to the children of Israel, by the mouth of His Prophet Jeremias—'Thus shall you say to your masters, I have made the earth and the men and the beasts that are upon the face of the earth, by My great power and by My stretched out arm, and I have given it to whom it seemed good in My eyes.'"

Those who deem that they owe their royalty to their ancestors and not to God, are amongst those whom our Lord bids His Prophet reprove when He says—"They have reigned, but not by Me; they have been princes, and I knew not."

Not to be known by God, is to be lost; therefore he who has the rule over other men must believe that that power is given unto him by God and not by men. Some monarchs reign by the grace of God, others only by His permission. Those who reign with piety, justice, and mercy, doubtless reign by the grace of God. Others reign by His permission, indeed, but not by His grace, and it is of these the Lord speaks when He says by the mouth of the Prophet Osee—"I will give thee a king in My anger;" and Job alludes to them in these words—"God makes a hypocrite to reign because of the sins of the people."

In the same manner as the Council of Paris had done, the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle, held in 836, after the re-establishment of Louis le Débonnaire on the imperial throne, and the Council of Mayence, held in 888, at the epoch when the French and German royalties were definitively separated, and Arnoul, the first King of Germany, ascended the throne, both prefaced their acts by a declaration in accordance with the doctrine of St. Isidore and the Fathers of Toledo, relatively to the change of royalty into tyranny. At that time we also find the great Pope, St. Nicholas the First, fully recognizing the same principles and writing as follows to the Bishop Adventius of Metz—"What you tell me regarding your submission to kings and princes according to the words of the Apostle—*Sive regi tanquam præcellenti*—pleases us much. But at the same time see if these kings and princes to whom you say you submit yourself are truly kings and princes. See first if they govern themselves well, and then if they govern their people well. See if their commands are founded on equity, for otherwise they must be considered as tyrants rather than as princes, and your duty would be to resist them, and to raise your voice against them rather than to obey them."⁴

It is curious to remark that an illustrious cotemporary of Pope Nicholas, the Archbishop of Rheims, Hincmar, who was sometimes in opposition to the Holy See, and who is supposed by numerous writers to have been the first author of the so-called Gallican liberties, wrote as follows to Louis the Third—"It is not you who have elected me to the headship of this Church, but it is I and my colleagues who have elected you Governor of the Kingdom, on condition that you observe the laws which you are bound to obey."

In England the same doctrine prevailed. The famous laws which bear the name of St. Edward, and which were promulgated anew by William

⁴ The Abbé Gosselin, remarks that the jurist-consult, Houard, audaciously suppresses the last phrase in this text.

the Conqueror, declare that—"The King, Vicar of the Supreme King, is elected that he may respect, above all, the Church of God; that he may govern his earthly kingdom, and the people of the Lord, to protect them against the wicked, and that he may extirpate and annihilate the wicked." If he fails in this, he loses even the title of king. And then we must bear in mind the axiom which sums up, with great canonical energy, the whole of this doctrine—"Thou shalt be a king if thou conductest thyself well, and if thou conductest thyself ill thou shalt be king no more."

This axiom, which the Fathers of the Council of Toledo spoke of as ancient, even in the seventh century, continued to be in full force until the eleventh, and was then used as an argument in the writings of Catholics against Imperialists.

But there is no necessity for proofs in writing, facts speak more forcibly than laws. At that time, as the Comte de Maistre writes, thanks to the Roman Church, the great European Charter was proclaimed, not on worthless paper, not by the voice of the public crier, but in all European hearts, every one of which was Catholic.

The necessity and the lawfulness of repressing the abuse of sovereign power once admitted, the next point was to know by whom that power was to be exercised, and to what hands was to be intrusted the awful mission of judging and punishing kings. The men of that time, the lords and the bishops, who were at once the feudatories of the King, and the representatives of the nation, had no idea of foregoing the exercise of that right. It is evident that they considered themselves entitled to take the first step in such a case, and to exercise freely this supreme power, as was proved by the French Prelates and Lords twice overthrowing the reigning dynasty, and by the German Princes when they deposed Henry the Fourth, and elected Rodolph of Suabia, *without the privity of the Pope*. But a just and salutary sense of what the principle of authority demands from those who exercise it in this world, seems to have early convinced them that this repressive power, in order to be efficacious and respected, must be used with prudence and charity, as well as with energy and courage, and that these conditions could nowhere be found, united in the same degree, as in the Head of the Universal Church. Kings were more concerned than others in the establishment of this prerogative. It carried their cause before the most august and impartial tribunal which can exist in this world. It placed their interests in the hands of men who have always been the most apt to combine equity with indulgence, and Christian liberty with the respect due to human greatness. The Popes did not seek, but they accepted, this mission. The wants of society and the majesty with which God Himself had invested the Sovereign Pontiffs entailed it upon them. What had been in its origin the spontaneous impulse of Christendom became by degrees from the eighth to the eleventh century the public right of Europe. This is admirably expressed by these words addressed to a Pope by a French monk, half a century before the accession of Gregory the Seventh—"We know, Reverend Father, that you are constituted in this world Vicar of the Universal Church, in the See of Blessed Peter, in order to raise up those who are unjustly oppressed, and to subdue by the authority of St. Peter, those who hold their heads higher than they ought."

It was then recognized by the whole world that temporal sovereignty was under the jurisdiction of the Church, and it was admitted that the Vicar of God, to whom kings must render an account in the other world, was

to be on that account their supreme judge in this world. It does not follow from this that, as prejudiced and superficial men have often said, Christianity failed to recognize at that time the great principle of *the relative distinctiveness and independence of the two powers*, spiritual and temporal. This principle, which the adversaries of the Church have so often tried to use as a weapon against her, but which she has always been able at the proper time to turn against them, this principle was then admitted and recognized by doctors and pontiffs, the most devoted to the liberty of the Church. St. Gregory the Seventh had himself proclaimed it in the letter already quoted, where he declares that the priestly and the imperial authority *are the two eyes* by which spiritual light ought to rule and enlighten the body of the Church.

Two centuries previously, in 881, the Fathers of the Council of Nismes, presided over by the celebrated Hincmar, whose grand words we have already quoted, had protested, in magnificent language, against any confusion between these two powers, on the plea that such would, in their opinion, end by re-establishing that identity of the empire with the priesthood which existed among the pagans, but which Christ, for the salvation of souls and on account of human frailty, had done away with. They declared that only our Lord Jesus Christ can be at the same time *true King and true Priest*. Since His ascension to heaven, no king has dared to usurp pontifical authority, no Pontiff royal power. By reason of the glory of His birth, Royalty and Priesthood were united in the Person of Jesus Christ, but with a generous solicitude He remembered human weakness and, for the salvation of His people, He changed the state of things which before His Incarnation existed amongst pagans, whose sovereigns were at the same time emperors and pontiffs. He defined and modified the dignities of these two powers, so that Christian kings should not be able to obtain eternal life without Pontiffs, and, on the other hand, that Pontiffs should be obliged to make use of the enactments of kings in temporal things; and to the end that spiritual action being thus preserved from the encroachments of the flesh, those who fight for God should be delivered from secular embarrassments, and at the same time that those who are subjected to them should not appear to preside over the things of God.

No one, however, maintained that all temporal sovereignties should hold their jurisdiction from the Church, nor that it was her part to interfere, *directly*, in secular affairs. But this undeniable and uncontested distinction could not, in the midst of a society exclusively Christian and Catholic, have the same scope or the same urgency that it has in our day.

Though the two powers were distinct, and in many cases independent one of the other, it did not follow that Christians looked upon them as being on an equality. On the contrary, all the world proclaimed the superiority of the spiritual power in dignity, in plenitude, and in extent. The same French bishops, assembled in Council at Nismes in 881, after defining the two powers in the declaration we have transcribed, added these words: "The dignity of Pontiffs is greater than that of kings, insomuch that the kings are consecrated by Pontiffs, whilst Pontiffs cannot be consecrated by kings; and the responsibility of Pontiffs is much heavier than that of kings, from the fact that they must render an account of kings, as well as of other men, at the judgment-seat of God."

These expressions—already authorized by the declarations of the bishops of France in 829, and by the bishops of Germany, in the Council of Aix-la-

Chapelle in 830—were almost identical with those used in the fifth century by the Pope St. Gelasius, writing to the Emperor Anastasius. In a letter of reprimand, in 833, addressed to the French bishops, drawn up by the holy abbot, Wala, cousin of Charlemagne, Gregory the Fourth thus expresses himself: "You ought not to be ignorant that the government of souls, which belongs to Pontiffs, is above that of temporal things, which belongs to emperors." And the Pope then cites St. Gregory Nazianzen, who, preaching before the emperors at Constantinople, thus addressed them: "If you have received the *liberty of the Word*, you ought to admit without difficulty that the law of Christ has submitted you to our priestly power, and to our tribunals, and that to us is given a faculty, and a sovereignty much more perfect than yours; at least, unless you prefer to believe that spirit is subordinate to flesh, heaven to earth, and God to men."

Gregory the Seventh, therefore, said nothing which could have appeared strange or new when, in his famous letter to the Bishop of Metz, after having reminded him that, according to the very words of St. Ambrose, gold is not more superior to lead than the priesthood is to royalty, he added: "Your fraternity ought to remember, that even to a simple exorcist is granted a much greater power than to any layman invested with secular authority, no matter what his position may be, for that exorcist is constituted a spiritual emperor, to effect the expulsion of demons."

Moreover, it must be acknowledged, that in the eyes of the men of those ages the two powers, distinct as they were in their objects, in their limits, and above all, in the way in which they were exercised, had the same origin and the same sanction, that of a divine institution. The Church and society formed but one and the same body, governed by two different powers, but one of these powers was, by its very nature, inferior to the other.

IV.—OLD ENGLISH DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

A Catalogue of Shrines, Offerings, Bequests, &c.

PART VIII.—(LONDON).

XIV. All Hallows, Barking.

There were eight churches of All Hallows in London; this one, which is near the Tower, became the property of the Abbess and Convent of Barking, and was converted into a vicarage about 1389. Hence it was called All Hallows, Barking, to distinguish it from the other churches of that title. It was formerly surrounded by a large churchyard or cemetery, on the north side of which stood the celebrated chapel of Our Ladye of All Hallows, Barking, frequently described as Our Ladye Barking, which was founded by Richard the First.²⁸⁵

Newcourt, in the appendix to his Repertorium,²⁸⁶ gives a very remarkable document about this chapel, but I at once saw that his version must be inaccurate, so I collated it with the Register of Gilbert, Bishop of London, 1436–1446, from which he took it; and had it again verified by one of the transcribers at the Public Record Office.

The entries in the Register extend for a few lines on fol. 194; the remainder of the leaf is left blank; and the entries commence again on fol. 195. The last entry on fol. 194 is dated 18 January, 1440, and the first on fol. 195, 4 March, 23 Henry (VI.) *i.e.* 1445. On the blank space of nearly two pages thus intervening, the document in question is entered, evidently at a later date, and by a different hand, and in very bad ink.

Newcourt gives it thus:

"Universis &c. Nos miseratione divina
Adrianus Tartarorum *episcopi*, Domini Papæ *legati*
&c."

The correct reading is as follows:

"Universis Sancte Matris ecclesiæ filiis
presentes literas inspecturis, nos miseratione divina
. . . Civitatis novæ, Johannes Carpentorañ,
Adrianus Tartarorum *episcopi*, Domini Papæ
Legati, salutem &c.

²⁸⁵ Maitland, *Hist. and Survey of London*, 1756, p. 1053.

²⁸⁶ V. 1, p. 765.

"To all the sons of Holy Mother Church who shall see these present letters, We, by Divine Mercy . . . Bishop of Cittanova, John, Bishop of Carpentras, Adrian, Bishop of the Tartars, wish eternal health in the Lord.

"It has been given to us to understand by the most illustrious King of England, Edward, the son of King Henry, that the chapel in the cemetery of Barking Church situated in London, was founded in a wonderful manner by the brave Richard, formerly King of England; as also how the Welsh invaded England, in spite of the precautions of the said Henry, and laid waste the country on all sides, slew men and women, and children in their cradles, and horrible to tell, killed with their swords women lying in childbirth; moreover that they took the Isle of Ely in a hostile manner, and held it with a strong force for a year, and at last, when the time suited them, returned unmolested to Wales. The same Edward, at that time a youth, at the sight of so many disasters, wrongs, and insults, tending to the disinheritance of his father, and the destruction of the whole of England, wept bitterly, and gave way to such a flood of bitter grief and anguish of heart, that his body was more especially affected, and throwing himself half dead on his couch, he believed that he would never entirely recover his health. But one night asking the aid of Marye, the Mother of God, he devoutly besought her in her loving clemency to inspire him by some divine revelation, through some vision during the night, how the English might most quickly be revenged on the Welsh. And as it came to pass, whilst he slept, a most lovely Maid adorned with the flowers of all virtues, the Glorious Virgin Mother of God, by whose prayers the Christian people are helped, who by the ineffable cooperation of the Holy Ghost brought the Unfading and Eternal Flower, appeared to him as if in a vision of the night saying: 'Edward, friend of God, why dost thou cry out? Know for certain that during the lifetime of thy father the Welsh cannot be entirely checked or conquered by the English; and this on account of the vile sin and heavy extortions of thy father. But do thou go very early to.

morrow morning to a certain Jew, by name Marlibrun, the most cunning limner (*picturæ artificem*) in the whole world, who dwells at Billingsgate in London, and engage him to make thee a portrait of me as thou seest me now; by divine inspiration he will paint two countenances in the picture, one he will limn exceedingly like to my Son Jesus, the other resembling me in every feature, so that no one will be able with truth to point out any defect whatsoever in it. This picture when it is thoroughly finished, I would have thee endeavour to send, as soon as possible, to the chapel in the cemetery of Barking Church, situated near the Tower of London, and cause it to be fairly framed on the north side. If thou dost so, know with certainty that greater wonders in thy favour will forthwith be seen. For as soon as the said Marlibrun shall have gazed thoughtfully on the expression of the faces within the said chapel, he will soon be so drawn to the love of heavenly things, that together with his wife Juda, he will be converted to the Catholic Faith, and afterwards will reveal to thee many secrets of the Jews for which they are to be punished. And do thou, Edward, on beholding this miracle make thy vow to Almighty God, that as long as thou livest and art in England, thou wilt, five times every year, visit this said picture in honour of the Mother of Christ, and that as often as it needs it, thou wilt repair this same chapel, and support the same. And this spot deserves indeed thy homage. For as soon as thou shalt have made this vow on bended knee, and fulfilled it substantially, according to thy ability, in whatever part of the world thou mayst be, thou wilt become most victorious over all people, and invincible; and at the death of thy father, thou wilt be King of England, conqueror of Wales, and lord of the whole of Scotland. Moreover, believe me, that any righteous monarch of England, or perchance any one else, who shall devoutly make this vow, and substantially fulfil it according to his power, will ever be victorious over the Welsh and Scots, and invincible.' With these words she disappeared. The Prince on awaking and coming to himself, bethought him of his dream, and, as it were,

almost ravished in spirit, began to wonder. Nevertheless he fulfilled everything that had been prescribed to him during his sleep. Moreover, in our presence, and in that of many nobles both of England and Scotland, the aforesaid Edward, of his own accord, made oath, that up to this time he had found everything, that had been shown him in his sleep, come to pass exactly as it was foretold. Wherefore, desirous that the said chapel be attended with fitting honours and perpetually venerated by the faithful of Christ, to all who shall be truly penitent, and having confessed their sins, shall go to this chapel for the sake of devotion and prayer, and shall make donation towards the lights, repairs, and ornaments of the same; and, moreover, to all who shall say the Lord's Prayer and Angelic Salutation for the souls of the noble Richard, formerly King of England, whose heart lies buried under the high altar in that chapel, and for those of all the faithful departed, as often as, and whensoever they shall say the same, We trusting in the mercy of God Almighty, and the merits and authority of His Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, do each of us mercifully grant in the Lord a several pardon of forty days (*singuli singulas quadragenas dierum*) of the penance enjoined them, provided the local Diocesan shall ratify this our indulgence.

"In witness of all which we have thought fit to confirm this present letter with our seals.

"Given at Norham, where the Parliament of England, as of Scotland, is held, the 20 day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand two hundred and ninety-one."²⁸⁷

I give this document as I find it. The name of the Bishop of Civitas-nova has perished in the Register, but Gams mentions Simon as Bishop of Cittanova, in Istria, in 1284-1293;²⁸⁸ and after much research, I am unable to identify either John, Bishop of Carpentras, or Adrian, Bishop of the Tartars. The latter would have been a Franciscan, but although Wadding and the *Orbis Seraphicus* give copious details about

²⁸⁷ Bishop Gilbert's Register, fol. 194.

²⁸⁸ Series Episcoporum, p. 770: also for Carpentras, p. 530; and Gallia Christiana, t. I. col. 905; Paris, 1715.

the Tartar missions of that period, they do not mention Adrian.

In 1288, Argon, King of the Tartars, sends to Pope Nicholas, as envoys, Bersauma, bishop *in partibus*, the Noble man Sabedin, Thomas de Anfusis, with Ugues as interpreter.²⁸⁹ On the 23rd of August, 1290, Nicholas the Fourth writes from Civita Vecchia to Argon, King of the Tartars, respecting the recovery of the Holy Land, and says that he is exciting all the Catholic Kings and Princes of the earth to a new crusade, &c., and that his most dear son Edward, the illustrious King of England, has already assumed the Cross, &c.²⁹⁰ On the 2nd of December he writes to King Edward to receive kindly Andrew, formerly called Zaganus Bascarellus de Gisulfo, a citizen of Genoa, and Moracius, the messengers of Argon, the illustrious King of the Tartars, &c.²⁹¹ On the 31st of the same month, there is another brief from Nicholas the Fourth to the King, asking him to receive kindly Saabedin, messenger of Argon, King of the Tartars.²⁹²

I have been unable to find any mention of the three bishops, Legates of our Lord the Pope, but that fact does not disprove their mission; whereas the evidences I have cited would go far to establish that Nicholas the Fourth had sent legates to Edward the First and other Princes.

This document exhibits a confusion of ideas in regard of actual facts, but due allowance must be made for impressions formed by foreigners, even men of position and education, during a hurried visit to England in the thirteenth century. Even two centuries later, Leo de Rosmital, brother of the Queen of Bohemia, one of the most distinguished men in that country, where he was Chief Justice, and who spent two years on his travels through Europe, from 1465—1467, has left a most interesting account of England, but from which it appears that Dover Castle was the strongest citadel in Christianity, and had been

²⁸⁹ Orbis Seraphicus per Fr. Dominicum de Gubernatis a Sospitellis. Romæ, 1689, t. i. p. 365.

²⁹⁰ *Ibid.* p. 371.

²⁹¹ *Fœdera*, vol. i. pt. iii. p. 76.

²⁹² *Ibid.*

built by devils—a *cacodæmonibus extructa*!²⁹³ Yet his account of the building of Dover Castle does not necessarily invalidate his other statements.

Testing this document by collateral evidence, it appears that:

1. The Welsh never held Ely for a year, and then left it at their own convenience. They were constantly making predatory incursions across the borders during the reign of Henry the Third, and many good lives were lost,²⁹⁴ but Ely was held in 1263—1265 by the barons and their outlawed followers, commonly known as the “Disinherited,” who ravaged and laid waste the counties of Huntingdon and Cambridge.²⁹⁵

2. Edward the First finally conquered the Welsh in 1281—1282.

3. Stow, even, mentions the tradition about the heart of Richard the First being buried in this chapel underneath the high altar.²⁹⁶ It is impossible to conjecture what foundation there was for this fable, unless it were the very document in question.

Richard desired to be buried at Fonteverault, and bequeathed his heart to the cathedral of Rouen: “*Ecclesiae Rothomagensi quia Normanniam præcordialiter diligebat, cor suum inexpugnabile delegavit*,” says Matthew of Paris.²⁹⁷ Gervase of Dover, a contemporary historian, describing the obsequies of Richard, relates that “*cor ejus grassitudine præstans, Rothomagum delatum est, et honorifice sepultum*.”²⁹⁸ It was enclosed in a magnificent shrine of silver and gold, according to Guillaume le Breton:

“*Cujus cor Rothomagensis ecclesiae clerus argento clausit et auro, sanctorumque inter corpora, in æde sacrata compositum, nimio devotus honorat honore; ut tanta ecclesiae devotio tanta patenter innuat in vita quatum dilexerat illum*.”²⁹⁹

²⁹³ *Iter Leonis de Rosmital, 1465—1467*, Bibliothek des Literarischen Vereins in Stuttgart, 1844, c. vii. p. 37.

²⁹⁴ Brady, *Complete History of England*. London, 1685, vol. i. p. 605, et seq.

²⁹⁵ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p.

²⁹⁶ *Survey*, bk. ii. p. 32.

²⁹⁷ *Abbrev. Chron.* t. iii. p. 218. Rolls Edit.

²⁹⁸ Ap. Twisden, *Decem Scriptores*, col. 1628.

²⁹⁹ *In Vita Phil. Arg. Depping, Hist. de la Normandie*. Rouen, 1835, t. ii. p. 393.

The Chroniques de Normandie say that the Sepulture Royale d'Argent, called in the edition by Le Misgissier, the Chasse, which had contained the heart of Richard "pour la rançon du Roy Saint Loys de France quant il fut prisonnier aux Sarrazins, fut despecée et vendue."

The heart, however, never left Rouen. On the 31st July, 1838, it was found enclosed within two boxes of lead; the inner one was lined with a thin leaf of silver, that time had in a great part decayed, and thus inscribed within, in rudely graven characters—

+ HIC : IACET :
COR : RICAR
DI : REGIS :
ANGLORUM.³⁰⁰

4. The date of this document is correct. On the 10th of May, 1291, a Parliament of England and Scotland met at Norham. The subject of debate was the accession to the crown of Scotland. It continued, by adjournments, until the 2nd of June, and was then prorogued till the 14th of October.¹ Norham is given in the document as Northm, which Newcourt mistook for Northampton!

According to this account, the celebrated image of our Ladye of Barking must have been a painting or picture; for *picturæ artifex* cannot be construed as a *statuary*.

Edward the Fourth gave licence to his cousin John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, to found there a Brotherhood for a master and brethren, which he richly endowed, and appointed it to be called the King's chapel or chantry, *in capella Beatæ Mariæ de Barking*.² This brotherhood, together with two offerings to Our Ladye of Barking, were inadvertently inserted under Barking.³

On the 27th January, 1310, three Templars, one of whom was Brother John de Stoke, a serving brother of seventeen years' standing, were examined by the inquisitors in the chapel of our Blessed Lady of Barking Church.⁴

³⁰⁰ Archæologia, vol. xxxix. pp. 202, et seq.

¹ Parry, *The Parliaments and Councils of England*. Lond. 1839, p. 35.

² Stow, bk. ii. p. 33.

³ See ante, p. 3.

⁴ Addison, *History of the Knights Templars*. London, 1842; p. 230.

In the Privy Purse expenses of Henry the Seventh :

"For offering at Our Lady Berking, 6s. 8d."⁵

In this churchyard was buried the martyr Bishop of Rochester, John Fisher. "He was martyred," says his biographer, "on Tuesday the 21st of June, 1535, the feast of St. Alban, the proto-martyr of England. His body, after laying nude all day on the scaffold, was, towards eight of the clock in the evening, carried on a halberd by two of the watchers, and buried in a churchyard there, hard by, called All Hallows Barking, where on the north side of the church, hard by the wall, they digged a grave with their halberds, and tumbled the body of this holy prelate, all naked and flat upon his belly without either shirt or other accustomed things belonging to a Christian man's burial, and so covered it quickly with earth."⁶ Subsequently the remains of this holy martyr were moved from the churchyard to St. Peter's, in the Tower of London.⁷

It is either to Our Ladye of Barking or Our Ladye of Graces, but most probably to the former, that the following letter written by Sir Thomas More, shortly after he had been made a Privy Councillor, to Bishop Fisher refers. Both are described as near the Tower. "Most unwillingly did I come to Court, as every one knows, and the King himself sometimes tells me in joke. And to this day I seem to sit as awkwardly there, as one who never rode before sits in a saddle. But our Prince, though I am far from being in his especial favour, is so affable and kind to all, that every one, let him be ever so diffident, may find some reason for imagining that he loves him, after the manner of the London matrons, who are persuaded that the image of our Blessed Ladye near the Tower smiles upon them, as they look closely at it whilst they pray before it. I am neither so fortunate, in reality, to perceive such favourable tokens, nor of so sanguine a temperament as even to flatter myself that I do so. Yet such are his Majesty's virtues and learning, and

⁵ *Excerpta Historica*, p. 130.

⁶ Baily, *Life and Death of the Reverend John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester*, third edition. Lond. 1740, p. 231.

⁷ Weever, p. 500.

such his daily increasing industry in both, that the more and more I see his Majesty make progress in good and truly royal accomplishments, the less and less do I feel this Court life to hang heavily upon me."⁸

XV. Our Ladye de Clypeo.

In the Atlas Marianus, Guppenberg enumerates Our Ladye de Clypeo in London. This is the image of our Ladye which King Arthur had painted on his shield, and which Guppenberg conjectures to have been "exposed somewhere, probably in London."⁹ I shall describe it in its proper place.

XVI. Our Ladye of Cony-Hope Lane.

There is Cony-Hope Lane, of old time so called, of a sign of three conies hanging over a poulterer's stall, at the end of the lane. In this lane anciently was a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. So in the Bishop of London's Register of Wills: *Capella Beate Mariæ de Conyng Hope Lane.*¹⁰

XVII. St. Dunstan's in the East.

Sir Bartholomew James, alderman, mayor in 1479, desires in his will that, after his month's mind, the four great tapers which he had given should be broken and made into small tapers, every piece weighing one pound, which he willed should be set before the images of the Holy Trinity and of our Blessed Ladye, in the church of St. Dunstan, to burn at due and convenient times and seasons.¹¹

XVII. St. Dunstan's in the West.

In this church there was a celebrated gild of our Ladye, as appears from donations made by Henry VIII.

¹¹ Henry VIII. 1519.

August. To the Fraternity of Our Ladye's Gild at St. Dunstan's in the West, 40s.¹²

¹² Henry VIII. 1520.

October. To the Fraternity of Our Ladye's Gild at St. Dunstan's in the West, 2l.¹³

⁸ Stapleton, Tres Thomæ. ed princeps. Duaci. 1588 in Vit. T. Mori, p. 97.

⁹ No. DL p. 593.

¹⁰ Stow, bk. iii. p. 33.

¹¹ *Ibid.* bk. ii. p. 43.

¹² Letters and Papers, &c. Henry VIII. v. iii. pt. 2. p. 1537.

¹³ *Ibid.* p. 1543.

XIX. St. Magnus, near London Bridge.

In this church (as most other churches had theirs) was a most famous gild of our Ladye *de Salve Regina*. An account whereof was brought into the King, upon an Act of Parliament in the reign of King Edward the Third, when some special cognizance was taken of these gilds or fraternities throughout England. And that we may see a little, continues Stow, the manner and intent of these devotions, I shall show what this gild was from the certificate thereof offered by this fraternity as I found it in the Tower Records.

"La Fraternité de nôtre Dame de Salve Regina, et de Seint Thomas en Eglise de Seint Magne sur le Pount de Loundres, donct les Mestres sont a present John Sandherst, Walter atte Well, Gilbert Sporiere, et Estephen Bartelot."

17 Edward III. 1343—1344, in English thus :

"Be it remembered that Rauf Capelyn du Bailliff, Will. Double, fishmonger, Roger Lowher, chancellor, Henry Boseworth, vintner, Stephen Lucas, stockfishmonger, and other of the better of the parish of St. Magnus, near the Bridge of London, of their great devotion, and to the honour of God and His glorious Mother our Ladye Marye the Virgin, began, and caused to be made, a chauntry, to sing an anthem of our Ladye, called *Salve Regina*, every evening. And thereupon ordained five burning wax lights at the time of the said anthem, in the honour of the five principal joys of our Ladye aforesaid; and for exciting the people to devotion at such an hour, the more to merit to their souls. And thereupon many other good people of the same parish, seeing the great honesty of the said service and devotion, proffered to be aiders and partners to support the said lights and the said anthem to be continually sung, paying to every person every week a halfpenny. And so that hereafter, with the gift that the people shall give to the sustentation of the said light and anthem, there shall be to find a chaplain singing in the said church for all the benefactors of the said light and anthem. And after the said Rauf Chapelyn, by his testament made the 18th June, the year of the said King the 23 (1349), devised

3 s. by quit rent issuing out of one tenement in the parish of St. Leonard of Eastcheap."¹⁴

But the piety of the citizens did not always wax fervent. About the year 1498, there was a visitation; and Stow has recorded

"How matters stood in one parish, namely, that of St. Magnus, with relation to the above mentioned Articles of Enquiry, the presentment following will declare; where, at a visitation of the Ordinary, were fourteen substantial parishioners made inquisitors, who found these articles.

"*Item.* We fynde, that for defaute of good provysion, both of the churchardeyns and also of the masters of the *Salve*, neyther the preystys nor clarkys that ben retayned for the chyrche will not come to our Lady Masse, nor *Salve*.

"Nor the clarkys and preystys that ben retayned by the maysters of the *Salve* wil come to Masse or Matins in the quyer, where it might be wel brought about of the maysters of the *Salve* and the wardeyns of the chyrche wolde, for the mayntenynge of Goddys serveyce, at the time of the receyvynge of such preystys and clarkys, gyve them charge, for as moche as they have so profytable and reasonable salery, that they al sholde as wel attende upon Masse, Matins, and Evenson, as unto our Lady Masse and *Salve*, and other serveyce; the whych to do sholde encrease in the preystys and clarkys gud custume of vertu, and grete encrease of dyvyne serveyce."¹⁵

XX. St. Martin.

11 May, 1259.

Master John of Gloucester, the King's mason, and the wardens of the works at Westminster, are ordered to supply five figures of kings, cut in free-stone, and a certain stone to be placed under the feet of an image of the Blessed Virgin Marye, to the wardens of the works of the church of St. Martin, London, for the same works, of the King's gift.

Writ tested Westminster. May 11.¹⁶

St. Stephens.

In 1368—43 Edward III.—a gild, called the Little Fraternity of our Ladye in the church of

¹⁴ Survey, bk. ii. p. 175.

¹⁵ *Ibid.* bk. v. p. 29.

¹⁶ Close Roll. 43 Henry III.

St. Stephen, in Colman Street, was founded by William Molton, mason, John Lenham, brewer, John Mushach, smith, John Smith, currier, Thomas Belchamber, leather-dyer, and other good people of the said parish, of their great devotion, and in honour of our Ladye, to find five wax candles upon one branch, of 31 pounds of wax, hanging before an image of our Ladye in the said church upon the beam; each brother and sister paying 12 *d.* yearly.

This is the first constitution of the gild: "Fyrst. All the bretheren and sustren everich yer ayenes the self Feste of the Assumption of our Ladi Seint Marye shul ben clothed of one sute of covenable clothings that falleth to her astat. But yif ony shall be of the kompaignee, because of poortee, ne may noyht make gree, yet he shal have atte lest a hode of the suyte, in token that he is a broder of the fraternite, so that he be holden broder or suster of gode condicion and honeste. The which day of the Assumption the foresaid bretheren and sustren shall have a solempne Messe in the honour of the foreseid Marye songen in the church of St. Stephen foreseid. At which Messe al the foreseid brethren and sustren up peine of two pound wax shalle be present, fro the begynnyn of the foreseid Messe to the end: and at the Messe in dew tyme everych broder and suster a penye shal offre. The which Messe y-songen al the foreseyd bretheren and sustren shal go togydren to a certeyn place be her Maistres which be for the tyme assigned. In the which place alle schullen ete togedryn, on her owne purse, or at leste drinks. And after the etyng and drinkyng (whether it be) the foreseid maistres his accompte for the time shall yelde up in gode manner and honeste."¹⁷

¹⁷ Stow, bk. iii. p. 62.

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